CANADIAN JEWISH REVIEW

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Contemporary Comment

THE ZIONIST SITUATION

The hearings before the Wailing Wall Commission of the League of Nations, which closed in Jerusalem last week, further indicated with what a stubborn meanness Arab leaders have set out to deny elementary religious rights to their Jewish neighbors, in order to strengthen their own political position.

In contradistinction to pleas on the part of the Jewish representatives at the hearings, in which the commissioners joined, that a peaceful arrangement be reached in order to permit Jews to worship at the Wailing Wall, as they have done for centuries, Arab spokesmen insisted upon misrepresenting historical data and upon complete banning of Jews from worshipping at the Wall. Arab spokesmen even dragged in the nationalist issue by attacking the Mandate and again declaring war upon Jewish aspirations.

It is generally believed, and admitted in many quarters, that the adoption of a definite policy by leaders in the Zionist movement a decade ago would have prevented the bloodings that at present mar the cause. Zionism was weak in relation with the British government and was lacking a definite policy to be pursued in dealing with the Arabs. A period of tranquility caused us to become overconfident. In distress, leaders resorted to vituperations. In time of economic crisis there was undue despair. Is it any wonder, therefore, that many Zionists are panic stricken, and that a trying time in our history has found us weakened by the propaganda of the very Arabs who have benefited by Jewish colonization of Palestine?

Unfortunately we do not know what to expect from Great Britain. We have been slapped with one hand and petted with the other. On the morrow after the Arab demands were heeded, Jewish immigration to Palestine was closed. Almost at the same time that the League of Nations Mandates Commission was reported to be criticizing Britain's failure to honor her obligations to the Jewish people, Lord Passfield launched an attack upon Dr. Weizmann and other Jewish leaders for being too critical of his government, instead of supporting it. Jews are urged to change their attitude toward Britain. But what attitude other than distrust could we possibly adopt in the face of all the disturbing circumstances of the past eleven months?

An encouraging statement was that of Lord Plumer, former high commissioner of Palestine, who told M. Nahum, a Jewish deputy from Latvia in London last week that the Jews will retain their goal in Palestine if they exercise patience. Nevertheless enough, however, the patience even of Jews who have been saints must through the ages, and in moments like these of things that have been going on in Palestine, with Britain standing by apparently unconcerned where the Jew is the sufferer.

Jews in their concern over the Palestine situation, must not in the slightest be misled in the existing conditions. A change has come in the attitude of Great Britain and in some of the policies of the Zionist movement. We hope, brings about a change in the hearts of Arab chieftains who are less upon understanding our position, thereby turning the

powers of their own people. And perhaps no wiser step could be taken by Jewish leaders than to wait patiently for the constructive work to be pursued by the new administration of the Jewish Agency in America. It is too early to comment upon the declarations and appointments made by the new coalition cabinet. It is well, for instance, to understand the wisdom of appointing Sir Stephen H. Tallis as chairman of the commission on political affairs which is to determine the Jewish attitude toward Great Britain. But we shall await patiently and hopefully for happy results of the coalition whose majority and the support of the recent Cleveland convention. It remains due to rest in Great Britain for a justification of the confidence faith we placed in your Passfield White Paper.

Jewish Chronicle.

* * *

ROUMANIA CONSTANTLY IN LIMELIGHT

Roumania is in the limelight again. Now, the headlines tell us, of new anti-Semitic disturbances and anti-Semitic agitation. On the one hand, King Carol and Premier Maniu as well as the other Roumanian governmental authorities are making what seems to be reassuring explanations and promises. But of what avail when here are recorded a rapid succession of recurring attacks on Jews in various parts of the country? Of what avail when one word out from another source is met with a stern disclaimer that there is such a thing as anti-Semitism or atrocities among the agitators?

The cause for the excesses seem to be traced to agricultural depression. So are the reassuring statements we are supposed to believe. The anti-Semites are taking advantage of the misery and discontent of the peasants and are sending emissaries to the provinces to incite to anti-Jewish outrages. They are telling nothing meaning the result of which have been severe attacks against the Jews which are becoming more and more frequent. Stories are floating about to the peasants that the Jewish authorities are responsible for the low prices being received for this year's crops. And of course the peasants in the east, inert and ignorant to the real authorities remaining almost entirely passive and the government doing nothing to assist upon these authorities doing their duty or else placing sufficient resources at their disposal to restore law and order.

Roumania does not seem to regard the elementary rights of man as the safety of life, limb and property. There the gospel of violent, unbridled hatred is preached and practiced, with no regard for the fundamental rights of men living in an organized community as the security of life and the protection of property. These base principles are the concern of all civilization. These rights to government can take away from even a minority group.

Instead of resolutions which have no meaning, the Roumanian government should discover and provide the means of assuring the protection and general security of all its citizens. Then, and then only, will have the cause for appearing in the limelight as one of the advanced civilized nations of the world.—Jewish Advocate, Boston.

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MONTREAL SOCIAL

Mrs. Joseph Bercer, Lajoie Avenue, has returned home after spending a few weeks in Europe and the Continent.

• • •

Misses Rose and Dorothy Michaels, Kensington Avenue, have returned home after spending a month at Old Orchard Beach. Miss Miriam Michaels is expected home this week end to join her daughters.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Victor and family, Grove Park, are spending a couple of weeks at Schroon Lake and Lake Placid.

• • •

Mrs. J. [illegible] returned to 4 Clyde Avenue after spending a few weeks at Old Orchard Beach.

• • •

Mrs. Rose Ann Silverman and son, Sydney, have returned from Miss Mac Inn, Grand Beach, N.S., where they were joined for a week by her mother, Mrs. I. Shapiro.

• • •

Mrs. Joseph A. Chaiton, who was visiting her son, Mr. Harry Chaiton, Kensington Avenue, has gone back to Chicago.

• • •

Miss Judy Levine, St. Urbain Street, visited relatives in Chicago and Milwaukee for several weeks.

• • •

Misses Sheila and Dianne Berry, Stuart Street, have left for New York, where they will remain a month at Atlantic City, Philadelphia, and Virginia Beach.

• • •

Dr. S. Levine, 4871 St. Urbain Street, has left for a few weeks in New York.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Freedman, Victoria Avenue, left last week for Miami Beach, Florida, where they will spend the winter.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. Irving Smith, Lajoie Avenue, accompanied by Miss Syd. Lasten, of Hamilton, left on the last long summer vacation of the season.

• • •

Mrs. V. D. Silverman and son, Stanley, have returned from Boston, where they spent three weeks.

• • •

Misses Bella and Frieda Lowenstein have spent three weeks in New York and report they have returned.

• • •

Mrs. I. Singer and daughter, Mrs. A. [illegible], Stanley Street, have returned from Miami Beach.

• • •

Miss Pearl Levinson is taking the vacation of her family.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Levinson, Fairmount Street, who spent the past few months in Montreal and Miami, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Louis Gilderson, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Weinstein are expected home shortly.

• • •

Mrs. Moses Gelbeyite, Maplewood Avenue, is back from a motor trip to Asbury Park and Atlantic City.

• • •

Miss Dannie Rafner, Marlowe Avenue, motored to New York to spend some time visiting her sister, Mrs. Victor Freedman, at her summer cottage.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. J. Nadler and family, Wiseman Avenue, are at Old Orchard Beach for the summer.

• • •

Mr. David Bernstein, Canning Street, has left for a few weeks' vacation at Camp Scopus and Green Mansions, N.Y.

• • •

Mrs. Henry Joseph and family, Wiseman Street, are spending a month at St. Andrews by the Sea.

• • •

Miss Marie Ashkenazy, Devarte Boulevard, spent two weeks at Camp Scopus, Lake George, N.Y.

• • •

Mrs. Mark Schwartz Jackson Heights, L.I., is visiting her daughter, Mrs. A. Abrell, Renfrew Road, for a few weeks.

• • •

Misses Rebecca Silverstone, Sonia Bernstein and Jennie Germaise are taking a few weeks vacation in the North.

• • •

Mrs. H. Krupnick and family, Villeneuve West, are spending the summer at Lily.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Harris, Leclaire Avenue, are leaving August 15 on a motor trip to Toronto, Niagara Falls and Hamilton.

• • •

Miss Lillian Silverstone, Esplanade Avenue, has left to stay for a few weeks at Asbury Park, N.J.

• • •

Mrs. M. Levitt, Querbes Avenue, has left to spend the remainder of the summer at Old Orchard Beach, Me.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Stewart, Roslyn Avenue, have left on a two weeks motor trip to the Maritime Provinces.

• • •

Miss Lillian Kaplansky, Rosemount Avenue, is visiting Mrs. Harry Rosenbaum, Cambridge Avenue, for a few weeks.

• • •

Mrs. [illegible], who spent the past few months in Montreal, has returned

• • •

Mrs. Louis

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Mr. and Mrs. S. Bernbach and son Harold, Ivanhoe Manor Street, left Wednesday, August 6, on a motor trip to New York. Philadelphia and Atlantic City. On returning they will visit Mr. and Mrs. I. Bernbach and Mrs. Rose Bernbach, Glenwood Avenue, Scarborough.

Miss Ida Greenstein, of Woodsworth Ave., who was the guest of honor at a luncheon given by Mrs. Harry Greenstein, Bathurst Street, on Wednesday, August 6, left on Thursday for Montreal.

Miss Sandra Pearlman, the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Pearlman, of Dawlish Ave., left on Sunday, August 10, for Montreal, where she will spend a week with friends

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Dufferin Educational Society Wants Scholarships

The Dufferin Educational Society, in the midst of its campaign for scholarships. During the past seven years about 140 scholarships have been awarded to Jewish boys and girls who distinguish themselves in their studies both Hebrew and secular and whose parents are unable to provide higher education. The children have been coached in their studies during the term and many have bettered their classes. Scholarships have been received from the following: Dominion interests (2), Jacob Solomon (3), Dinah Lily Caplan (1), of the Young Hebrew Mothers' Benevolent Society (1), and the Society's scholarships. The scholarships are valued at $25 for the first year, $35 for second year, $35 for third year and $40 for fourth year. Scholarships granted under the auspices of this Society will bear the name of the donor. The Society will stage a musicale and sketch at the Jewish Sanatorium, Ste. Agathe, Sunday, August 10th in connection, from the Secretary, Miss Sarah Miller, at present at 3153 Sherbrooke Street West, Montreal.

OPENING MEETING

The Knights of Sharon, under the leadership of D. Halperin, will hold the opening meeting of the season Sunday, September 7. Applications for membership should be sent before September 1 to the secretary H. Spivak, 191 Drolet Street.

BENEFIT DANCE

The Hebrew Orphan's Home will hold a musical entertainment and dance, August 9 at 9 p.m. at the Mount Royal Hotel, Ste. Agathe, Que.

Born

To Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Newman, a daughter on July 31 at the Montreal Maternity Hospital.

Dominion Hadassah Convention in September

Hadassah's sixth convention will be held in Ottawa Sunday and Monday, September 7th and 8th. The last Hadassah convention took place in July, 1927. Hadassah supports the Canadian Hadassah Agricultural School for Girls at Nahalal and is erecting a new wing at this building to be known as the Lillian Freiman Wing, in honour of the president. Mrs. A. J. Freiman of Ottawa. In addition to co-operating with the Canadian Zionist Organization in the campaigns of the latter on behalf of the Palestine Foundation and Jewish National Funds, Hadassah provides for the maintenance budget of the Maid's Convalescent Home in Palestine, the second storey of which they have built, as well as for the Baby Clinic of Jerusalem, the maintenance of which is the specific work of the Junior Chapters. Reports will be read at the convention by the Treasurer, Mrs. H. Keles, and by the Secretary, Mrs. H. Singer, of Montreal, as well as by the Vice Presidents of the Eastern, Central and Western Divisions, Mesdames L. Finch, S. Bates, Montreal, D. Daubeimer, A. Sutnick, Toronto, M. Rady and H. E. Wilder, Winnipeg. There will be luncheons and a garden party at Meech Lake, Quebec, the summer residence of the President. Every local chapter throughout the Dominion will hold a special meeting within the next week when nominations will be formulated and representatives chosen on the basis of one for every twenty registered members in the district or section, and for every fraction above twenty, one delegate shall be chosen for ten or more registered members.

700 CHILDREN ENJOY WADING POOL

Instead of the regular playhours Monday sponsored by the Neighbourhood House right on Colonial Avenue between Roy and Napoleon, 700 children found a portable wading-pool all set up, filled with cool water, with a large fountain shower spouting bubble it. The Wading-pool used was one of the two which the Montreal Kiwanis presented to the Parks and Playgrounds Association of Montreal. Their visit last Monday evening was under the auspices of the Neighborhood House, which has the street closed Monday and Thursday evenings, for organized play for the children, in addition to clubhouse facilities on Laval Avenue.

Approaching Marriages

Mr. and Mrs. S. Smilovitch, 3564 Clarke Street, announce the approaching marriage of their eldest daughter, Ethel, to Daniel, son of Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Dorfman, of Glasgow, Scotland. Wedding takes place at the Carmen Sylva August 26.

The marriage of Miss Sally Moore, sister of Carl Moore, of Joplin, Mo., to Ben A. Obront, takes place Sunday, September 7, at Bnai Jacob Synagogue. Rabbis Katz and D. Flam will officiate.

Classified Advertising

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OTTAWA

Mr. and Mrs. [illegible] Mr. and Mrs. [illegible] motored to Toronto [illegible]

• • •

Misses Belle Miller [illegible] entertained [illegible] Chalmers [illegible] Gertrude Freedman [illegible] month.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. A. [illegible] ...ey, of New York, [illegible] with Mrs. Klein's sister [illegible] Franklin and Mr. Franklin.

• • •

Ralph Pearl, of New York [illegible] ing for two weeks with [illegible] Mr. and Mrs. Beal Pearl.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Segal [illegible] returned home after spending [illegible] B. Smith, Pender Hill, [illegible] and Mr. and Mrs. B. Silliboy [illegible] Philadelphia, Ohio.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Plaut [illegible] Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Shapiro [illegible] returned from a motor trip to New York, Atlantic City and Boston.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Freedman [illegible] a few days in Halifax, N.S.

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The Street of Chains

By Lillian Lauferty

By Arrangement with Harper and Brothers

(Continued from last week)

"I'm going to telephone Cecilia," Dicky repeated. . . . She was incapable of regarding Dicky and his station and the law of the land gave him full right to her, though the law of her being denied him. She was, moreover, many ...ile in asking such a favor from that part of her nature which desired something more than the social advancement of being Mrs. Wilson Bell she was ... hand on so much of natural ferocity in her soul as she contemplated meeting a goddess of courtesy and inconvenience in Cecilia's drawing. She wanted Cecilia to be the one to tell the family of the ...ian Wilson marriage. She wanted Cecilia to have shadows of greetings and acquaintance the family would receive to her being the one to share the secret and break the news.

"I'm going to telephone Cecilia," she said. Like a refrain "I couldn't see a ... if I thought Cecilia was worrying or mad. I'm going to tell Cecilia . . ."

"Have it your own way," Dicky said. "Have everything your own way. And tell Cecilia you're going to be the happiest woman on earth. Tell her I'm going to be a mighty lucky man, and thanks to my gorgeous wife. Tell her I'm going to settle a bungalow for you and her, at the end of it. I'm going to pay for your part."

"I'm going to tell her first I was her more than twilight," Jessie ... thought.

"Of course if you're as dubious as I am of the thought of being together again, you must be living in a fool world."

"Cecilia used to slide a forefinger over the ... "Dear thought. But she did not speak her complaint to Dicky, since she had scarcely had her own opinion quite often passed the words in her feelings with her.

With the cutlines of her smile setting and interesting, she went into a ... telephone booth, deposited a ... and called Adam's apartment. There was all the world in the world. It was, in fact, all the world to her herself. It seemed to her now that if Joe had ever really loved her he would have managed to come home ahead of Dicky. She would have gone with Joe if he had come home first. But her husband had come to claim her. Dicky was her fate, not Joe.

When she opened the door of the booth, Dicky was striding up and down the corridor waiting for her. It was pleasant to have a man waiting for her. The hallway was empty. Dicky came toward her, put his hands on her shoulders and pressed her into the doorframe of the booth. He drew her to him and set his mouth on hers. Her lips softened, yielded. After a few moments Dicky slipped his arms away from her ... with a slow lingering triumph. He smiled down at her with ... assent.

"Give me some room to ... in!"

"—guess so."

"How come you were a freak at first?"

"I know I never have to tell you ... Dicky, you're a ... Joe ... Adam ... Cecilia ... Alexander ... Dicky ... Joe ... Adam ... Cecilia ... Alexander ... Dicky ... Joe ... Adam ... Cecilia ... Alexander ... Dicky

"We can put it in the papers."

"That won't do any. After all, Adam, we live in the world and we want to claim our rightful place in it. Our nephew is a Wilbur from Boston and he must know the right people. They'd come to a tea given for him."

"Who are the right people?" Adam demanded.

Suzy Clinton's family and the Van Vleets and the Openshaws; young Wilbur undoubtedly knows the very people we want Carlie to meet."

"You mean anyone who isn't a Jew. That's what you mean. Sometimes I have thought that my papa today is happy to be in his grave where he could not see Henriette's children going to the Hebrew Culture Sunday school and Henry and Fred in their new at St. Thomas's. And now Dora [illegible] the son of Jacob and marrying a fellow from New England where they have no use for her race. The blood of generations is running thin [illegible]."

Grace interrupted on a sharply nervous note. "We were talking about our tea for [illegible] a new acquaintance the [illegible]."

"I can't attempt a conviction foolish [illegible] Jew-baiters won't stand a [illegible]."

Adam got up and began to clear the table. When she came back from the kitchen Grace was there and sat [illegible] on the back [illegible]. She looked up at her daughter and waited eagerly. Then she [illegible] with a directness that astonished Carlie.

"[illegible] seems quite ready to see to [illegible] and [illegible] arrangements [illegible]," she said. "But [illegible] me she [illegible] and [illegible] to be [illegible] and [illegible] asked.

"Shouldn't you take some of the [illegible] Don might make some of your [illegible] phone to [illegible] next week, and to arrange [illegible] and your [illegible]. Then sandwiches and [illegible] salad——"

"Though you did [illegible] would [illegible] according to [illegible]."

"Grace, [illegible] the impression you've [illegible] upon the [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] must work [illegible] now and [illegible] be his [illegible] one [illegible]. The Wilburs must know the Schermerhorns and the Clintons and the Openshaws and the Van Vleets intimately and [illegible] the very people [illegible] to meet."

Carlie sighed. "They don't want to meet us [illegible] and more than [illegible] Gruenturms wanted to meet us. But you can't [illegible] it was [illegible] little family [illegible]——"

"We are not [illegible] your dear little mama, darling. She would [illegible] was your worst enemy. Carlie, every day you seem to grow a little more like that [illegible] from whom you [illegible] so much when you were young and [illegible]. Can't you be a little [illegible] a name from now on, dear——"

"[illegible] more sensible [illegible] me but he was first [illegible] taken an interest in [illegible] and [illegible] you not [illegible]?"

Carlie [illegible] want to be [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible] a hand [illegible] but [illegible] gave us the [illegible] never since [illegible] anything like. She plaited [illegible] with nervous fingers [illegible] wished [illegible] mama would have been [illegible] if papa had been able [illegible] [illegible] a normal [illegible] [illegible] interested." [illegible] thought [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] words with which [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

"I wouldn't tell her a thing for a few days. I'll work it out, Jacques. You are making your own decisions."

He nodded. "Yes, I make my own decisions about selling, and I suppose the thing for me to do is make my connections before I annoy your mother with business. If I had refused to sell the store that was actually dragging us down, I should have been compelled to go into bankruptcy. I took what appeared to me the wisest course. I hope I have your approval, Charlotte."

He had called her Charlotte. Like Jacques, suddenly she knew she was quite finished with being a lonely, unloved girl, playing herself because Tycee was gone and Tycee had taken a part of herself away from her. She was Charlotte Grenville. There were certain obligations connected with being a Grenville. The first of them was fidelity to your own.

CHAPTER VI

As Carlie rode home in the subway with the purchases she had made for Tycee to which Jacques had thrilled at the more grisly to honor Tycee, she studied the want ads of the morning papers in brief intervals snatched between shoving bits of cookie into the baby and beating up soup-mixes, she considered the resulting papers merely ready for circulation by noon. It was that during the period while papa rested for Bragg and Universe or Jacques or Hamilton Brothers and secretary to Business that Adam Dow... services were now available to necessary duties of the city. It might be well to have a little money ... the family purse. Now Tycee ... to show to him as to the ... Tycee's week from Tycee, with ... and friend expectations ... Carlie saw that ... go to work, and at once.

... study of the city's boards ... that Carlie was not particularly ... equipped as a wage earner ... stenography, expert calculating ... for buying, good memory ... remembering she passed them all ... and realized that she knew ... with an education gained ... Ontario Collegiate ... Literary Ladies, a year ... and ... knowledge of bookkeeping as ... according to papa's ... and according ... that it was necessary ... a Grenville to work ... and starved.

... revealed exactly one ... which she was qualified. ... World, wanted ... young woman of culture ... to take charge of two ... every week afternoon, walks ... and during the week-ends, ... parents would be out of ... German music and ... with an impressive Eng... required. Compensation ... dollars a month. A good ... Carlie saw, for a good ... hope to offer that super... and a sterling knowledge ... music. She wrote to Mrs. ... and sent in all special De... a request that if Mrs. ... interested she might ar... Delaware Apartments, ... Avenue. Then, having ... dispatched to her utmost ... she was Charlotte and ... Grenville, 'Miss Delaware' remained ... nothing.

... had that cookies and ... and mayonnaise and cake ... finally excite me to buy ... current chart," she said, ... a month ... a week ... and ... and ... and

me, but he told me what an angel of loveliness you are and how he loved you. This afternoon I am going to give myself the honor to call at your house in person. So you better be home because I got a word to deliver that I promised Joe Morgenstern you shall have from my own lips. Miss Delavan, I am calling to tell you how Joe loved you to the very last. And I guess you can be proud and happy that he spoke of you with his dying breath."

That was all. It was enough. Carlie, staring at the letter, realized that it must be for Tress. She wondered what would happen if Sergeant Friedenberg arrived in time to be an uninvited guest at the tea in honor of Mrs. Richard Wilton.

"I won't let him in," she thought. Then she realized that you couldn't keep anyone like Mr. Julius Friedenberg out forever.

CHAPTER VIII

Aunt Henny and Uncle Fred gave Carlie the impression of circling around Cousin Richard Wilton and examining him from every side. He, on the other hand, seemed to be looking down his long and rather curious nose with a cool superiority that didn't find it worth while to investigate Delavans. Henriette kept sending sidelong glances at the jade necklace that lay against the rich brown satin of Tress's frock; at last she touched her sister's beads avidly, jerked her fingers away and said: "It always amuses me to see if jade is as cold as they claim. Yours is the ice, Tress; Henny anything should be so cold when a bride wears it."

Tress blazed her eyes at Dicky; after a moment she turned back to Henriette and said she had wonderful carved jade earrings too, but she hadn't worn much jewelry on the train. Dicky was giving her wonderful things, but one didn't wear them on the street. She was faintly superior until Irving broke in with a hearty declaration that Wilton was right to buy his wife a lot of junk, because if you didn't hang the signs of your prosperity on your wife, how was the other fellow going to know you had it?

"What an amusing viewpoint!" Dicky murmured.

The Delavans and the Wiltons continued to amuse but not attract each other until the guests left the green brass figure of the living room for the satisfactions and comforts of the dining room. As soon as they reached Carlie's table and its hospitality, Aunt Henny and Henriette relaxed. They became animated and running over the chicken salad and finger rolls; they filled their plates and established themselves easily on the sofa between the sideboard and the windows. Dicky appeared immeasurably relieved when Uncle Fred pulled out an enormous flask and asked if anyone would enjoy a nip of gin in his tea. Major Tremaine said he also carried vermouth in his hip, and Tress sent for a crimson bottle. Presently there were rich wails and in an effulgence in which Dicky didn't join. He was still wearing an absurd uniform and there was a law for uniformed men to uphold. Carlie felt a stir of pride because Dicky continued to drink tea. She interrupted herself with a stern reminder that there was no mixing with her people as well as Dicky was.

The party began to go interestingly. Carlie refilled the salad plates again and again. Tress passed the sandwiches and Mrs. Schmidt popped in behind a screen from the table and was singing a cracked soprano in a big white towel and rustling and rattling a Uncle Freddie directed her activities as a servant ... the party suddenly ... [illegible] ... on the table now and two bottles of wine "for the girls." Tress didn't touch it. Carlie was glad of that.

Mama and Major Tremaine were in a corner clinking glasses and laughing with a constant low purr of sound that was like a subdued accompaniment to the high tinkles of merriment in the room. Carlie could hear snatches of conversation and they kept getting in among the ideas that were tumbling around in her head. The room bulged; her head ached; she felt like one tiny piece of pale color in a large whirling kaleidoscope forming and reforming its patterns.

"So of course it is a real satisfaction to see that our Carlie knows men of your mettle and stability—stamina and ability." That was Uncle Freddy, and Aunt Henny came in like a refrain: "We Delavan women like strong men, Lieutenant Harkness; men of vision who take up new things before the world realizes their value. My husband has always been a promoter of the latest ideas. I suppose you belong to THE Harkness family, the Standard Oil Harkness——"

Irving Kane was saying that it was a shame such good gin was being wasted on tea. And papa was telling everyone, though no one listened, that his idea of a good drink was spiced wine after his grandmother's recipe. And Henriette was tasting everything and slipping nuts and bonbons into her bag just as she had always done. Carlie wondered what Henriette would say if she were to call out that she was sorry she hadn't thought to get peppermints.

Dicky Wilton was beginning to glower. He didn't like it when Uncle Freddy pinched Tress's cheek. He was rude about it when Irving Kane kissed her hand with a sudden access of gallantry which he insisted was a "brother's privilege." It seemed silly, disgusting even, that people should grow heavy tongued and befuddled in their attempts to make a bridal tea festive rather than quiet . . . But no one was quite as unrestrained as mama; she leaned up against Major Tremaine in rapturous abandon and said she loved giving parties and seeing everyone happy. And he said he was as happy as one could expect a man to be when he was celebrating the capture of a lovely girl by another man. Then Aunt Henny smiled, and forgetting the truce that had been observed between her and mama for a long time, said acidly:

"Grace dear, don't let the Major make you believe he needs comforting for the disappointment our Tress gave him long ago—so long ago that you needn't be a bit jealous, Dicky. And now we're all wondering if our dear Major isn't going to console himself with Rosina Burnston."

It was the sort of thing the family knew Aunt Henny might do at any minute; but the Major wasn't in the family, and before anyone could explain that he mustn't mind Henny, he had swelled out his chin and was saying in a thin voice that seemed as if it should have been enlarged when his body took on layers of padding and expanded with luxury and good living:

"I was always a great admirer of Miss Therese. I am still an admirer of Mrs. Wilton." Dicky glared. The Major went on: "But I appear to be arriving at years where peace is more gratifying than stimulation, and so my dear Mrs. O'Donnel-Delavan's friendship makes up to me for any slow death me by your lovely niece."

Dicky laughed and Adam spoke interestedly: "My son's name was O'Donnel Delavan, Major. My wife is Mrs. Adam Delavan."

The Major beamed: "What are you doing with a few name like Adam?"

For a moment the Delavans withdrew [illegible] and mentally; the room seemed to grow cold. The Major went on with a large air of saving a situation and a party that had suddenly gone stale:

"I was just telling Mrs. Delavan that it is quite amusing about those Burnstons. They are also little people whose name was Bernstein, I hear, but our good friends the Van Vliets and the Clintons have them in at large teas now and again. One begins to meet them about; but they are making the mistake of trying to drag some quite impossible relatives among with them, this young Reuben Coffman for instance."

"I know him," said Irving Kane grimly. Coffman was his junior partner. "I was hoping this would come up."

The Major went on as one who is delighted that he has found a congenial topic. "Miss Rosina once brought this Coffman into my place for a pick-me-up. Yesterday, on the strength of this slight acquaintance, the presumptuous young puppy came barging into my office though my secretary told him I was busy and did her best to keep him out. I was studying the plans for a million dollar bridge my firm hopes to land the contracts for in Mexico. I was lighting a cigar and considering the blueprint and when I heard the fuss my efficient little secretary was making and felt some one stamping over me. I got flustered. Thought some one from a rival concern had sneaked in to get a line on our bidding; to spy. I leave it to you gentlemen' is a man responsible for what happens in a moment of such stress?"

"What did you do?" Irving Kane demanded curtly.

"I had a most deplorable accident. I put out my hand to shove the impudent young whelp away from the plans. I'd been lighting a cigar if you recall. The match was still in my hand. It must have struck him in the eyeball. I hear that he intends to institute proceedings. Most unfortunate. Frightfully annoying and all that, but it is what I get for being nice to those insufferable Burnstons and their hangers on. I can't imagine how I came to think I could tolerate them."

"I can't see why you tolerate any of us!" Carlie cried suddenly in a low quivering voice that refused to be stilled even when her mother protested: "Hush, Carlie darling!"

Carlie went on, her little round chin thrust out belligerently: "We belong to the Gruenturm family, Major. The Gruenturms are Jews. They are proud of their race. So," she added faintly, are we."

There was a faint rush and rumble of protest in the room, an inarticulate mass of sounds; the Delavans seemed to be drawing together, impelled by some faint animus of loyalty and clannishness to which they only half subscribed, since they did not voice in words what Henriette's tossing head and Henny's mottled color and Adam's apologetic cough touched upon, hinted at, and declined to formulate audibly. Carlie thought: "I wouldn't mind if they didn't feel anything. If they didn't feel stirred, it wouldn't be so bad for them to keep still and only glower. But they mind terribly and aren't brave enough to protest. Oh, Grandpa would have been so magnificent now."

The Major tried to be magnificent. "Why, Miss Carlie, I didn't mean people like you folks. Some of the finest people I know have Jewish blood. Some of the very finest. I can't tell you how I fought for Dreiblatt, the theatrical producer, or Feingass, the banker, when my club blackballed them. I resigned from one of my country clubs when they refused to house my friend Langfelt at the time he came out to conduct his own orchestra for a charity dance."

"I'm sure that was very nice of you," Tress said, with a pleading glance at Carlie.

"I'm spoiling her day," Carlie thought.

"Daughter dear, tell the Major how sorry you are for your rudeness to him," Grace said nervously. "I want you to apologize——"

"Perhaps the Major would like to apologize," Irving Kane said in his high, excited voice. "It may interest the Major to know that Reuben Coffman is my partner and that I sent him over to the office yesterday for decorating an apartment that belongs to an influential Mexican; I got a line on something that looked as if it would land the bridge contract. I knew the Tremaine organization was bound to be bidding; Rube had told me about having a pick-me-up in your rooms. It looked like a nice chance to cement a friendship between you and the boy. I sent him over to do you a good turn. It was touch and go with his eye last night——"

"Oh, my God," said Major Tremaine. It was by no means an oath and certainly not a prayer.

"You're a friend of the Jews, ain't you?" Irving taunted. Having found his courage he used it nicely, like a good——

"Could we go over to the hospital now?" the Major asked.

"He isn't going to sue you. You don't have to be afraid."

"If anything happens to that boy's eye, I'll never be able to hold up my head again," Tremaine said quietly. "For heaven's sake, come over there with me now, Kane. I've got to see the doctors. I want to talk to the nurses. Maybe I could do something. The uniform often gets attentions the layman can't pull down."

"They're treating him all right in the hospital. His race doesn't seem to count against him there," Irving observed. "But I'm not sure he would want to see you——"

"Then I'll sit outside his door and cool my heels until he's ready to let me in."

Irving laughed slightly. "It might do him a lot of good to keep you waiting."

"Come on then, Kane. Let's go."

"We'll look after Henriette and see she gets home all right," Uncle Freddy said gruffly.

Henny patted Henriette's hand. "You see how your uncle thinks of you right away. It's silly to say he doesn't like you."

"It would do your Rube a lot of good to know the Major had left a wonderful party like this just to come and inquire about him," Henriette said. Carlie had never heard her voice so kind. Its honey sweetness was warm and beautiful.

"Come on, Kane," the Major urged. "I've got to do something for young Coffman. I've got to. Don't you understand?"

"He won't lose his eye," Irving said gruffly. "Come along though . . . he'll be glad to see you, Maje."

"He's bound to be all right. Tress'll send him a couple dozen American Beauties tomorrow. Smell good even if his eyes are bandaged." Dicky Wilton muttered thickly.

Carlie and Tress locked hands and smiled. . . . . It was a strange world; there were amazing and astounding people in it. But Carlie was no longer confident of a black wrong and a white right in a situation where both sides had emerged abruptly from prejudice and hatred and had carried themselves equally well. Suddenly it seemed that she had been the one to stress bigotry and intolerance at the very moment when she had been assuming that she was defending tolerance and brotherly love. . . . These, it seemed, like the Kingdom of Heaven, could not be taken by force.

CHAPTER IX

Sergeant Julius Friedenberg" announced Mrs. Schmidt with a flourish which approved the name and her opportunity to present a guest thus formally to the rest of the party.

(Continued on page 24)

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REALTY NEWS

Mrs. M. Town sold to H. Wolfe lots Nos. 31,795 2, 3, 35-106-1, City of Outremont, measuring 46.6 x 90 feet with buildings bearing the civic Nos. 125 to 129A, fronting on Champagneur avenue, for $24,200.

Miss M. E. Hardy sold to N. S. Scott part of lot No. 1678, St. Antoine's ward measuring 22½ x 102½ feet with buildings, bearing the civic Nos. 1833, 1835, fronting on St. Matthew street, for $19,500.

E. Jarbeau sold to H. Simon lots Nos. 833,333 to 866, Rosemount ward,

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without buildings, and fronting on Des Ecores street, for $12,000.

J. Giovinazzo sold to L. Gold lots Nos. 66-866, 867, City of Outremont, measuring 100 x 70 feet, with buildings bearing the civic Nos. 106 to 1068, fronting on Van Horne street, for $800 and considerations.

N. Weinstein sold to Mrs. F. Weinroth half of lot No. 11-866, Laurier ward, measuring 25 by 88 feet, with buildings bear. 5004 Waverley street, for $1,600.

Heat Regulation on Railway Cars

Automatic heat regulation has now been installed for the first time in Canada as regular equipment on railway passenger cars, with the introduction by the Canadian Pacific Railway of their new "S" type standard sleepers. The Heat Exchange Apparatus Limited, St. Patrick St. had charge of the installation.

Constructed at the Angus Shops to the design of C.P.R. engineering experts, the new sleeping-cars, two of which, the "Saurian Lake" and "Shawinigan," are already in service on the Trans-Canada Limited are the last word in efficiency from the scientific mechanical viewpoint, as well as from that of hygiene and comfort for the travelling public. The two cars already in service are the first of fifty being built by the Canadian Pacific this year.

Among outstanding improvements in the cars of especial interest is the introduction of the thermostatic control of heating, a new and improved ventilating system, and the introduction on Canadian railways of composition rubber anti-skid and noise absorbers.

The heating system represents an improvement formerly used in preventing over development. Formerly cars were heated by valves of low pressure [illegible] automatic withdrawing of a number of circuits or radiators [illegible] or shut off by hand. The new system introduced by C.P.R. engineers after painstaking research uses only one circuit, which is of the thermostatic patented consisting of valves fitted with a large number of square discs affording places to permit the air-circulation.

A thermostatic capillary surface [illegible] time attached and of the same [illegible] the heating capacity of the single circuit is sufficient to create a comfortable temperature even under the severest weather conditions. Heat is automatically controlled and the temperature maintained uniformly at all times by means of thermostatic operated electrically. These cars are also fitted to maintain a constant temperature according to the setting of the dial. The amount of consumed water discharged is reduced to a minimum, and the automatic regulation is extremely conservative in the use of steam.

The new ventilating system, equipped on a number of C.P.R. cars for experimental purposes last year, has now been adopted as the Company's standard system. Ventilators are placed in the centre of the roof instead of at the sides where they have been for many years affected by the wind.

The new sleeping cars are [illegible] length, and each has a [illegible] room, men's smoking room, and women's room. The smoking rooms are fitted with electrical [illegible] to ensure the most efficient ventilation, and are in every way superior to other cars hitherto in Canadian railways, being similar to the latest steel cars of Canadian [illegible] Other features are [illegible] among other features, wire mesh [illegible]

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[illegible] Chronicle tells of a young [illegible] Pie [illegible] Pie [illegible] Pie

JEWISH HOSPITAL ARCHITECTS NAMED

Two appointments in connection with the Jewish Hospital campaign are announced by the committee, that of J. Cecil McDougall as architect, with C. D. Goodman as associate. It is recalled that some time ago the services of Dr. S. S. Goldwater, international authority on hospital planning were retained.

Dr. Goldwater has for many years devoted himself to the work of planning and supervising the construction of hospitals in the capacity of consultant, and many outstanding hospitals both on the North American continent and in other foreign countries bear witness to the quality of his work. In the selection of an architect to take charge of the actual planning and construction, the committee report having secured the services of J. Cecil McDougall, B.Sc., B. Arch., A. R.I.B.A., F.R.A.I.C., A.M.E. I.C., P.E.Q. Mr. McDougall has for some years been acting as architect specially retained by the Montreal General Hospital, and has made an extensive study of hospital planning and construction. He has prepared plans for the new private patients pavilion of the Montreal General Hospital, western site, calling for the construction of a wing for 200 beds for which tenders have already been received, and the work on which will shortly commence. Mr. McDougall also acted as architect in the construction of the Nurses' Home situated on Dorchester street, opposite the Montreal General Hospital, at which time Dr. Goldwater was associated with him as consultant. Mr. McDougall will have associated with him, C. D. Goodman, B. Arch., who acted as associate architect in the construction of the new Mount Sinai Sanatorium.

In as much as the construction of the hospital involves special and technical features in the matter of the mechanical equipment such as ventilation, plumbing and heat, and electrical installation, the services of McDougall and Friedman, specialists in engineering, have been retained.

Mr. McDougall and Mr. Goodman are leaving immediately for New York City where they will have a consultation with Dr. Goldwater, who has already been giving considerable study to the planning and grouping of the hospital, and on their return to the city will be in a position to proceed immediately with the definite development of the plans.

Mother to Dinner

By Tess Slesinger

By special arrangement with The Menorah Journal

Katherine Benjamin, who had been Katherine Jastrow for something less than a year, said Goodafternoon to the groceryman and, stooping to the counter, gathered two large and unwieldy packages close to her body, balancing one elbow on her hip so that the hand, crawling to the top, could hold sternly separate the bottle of milk from the package of Best Eggs. The thin, one-eyed errand boy who sprawled on an empty packing-box near the door leaped to his feet and opened it with a flourish and a "hot, isn't it?" And sliding past him, curving her body to make a nest for the projecting bundle, she heard the screen door swing lightly closed behind her, flutter against the wood frame in a series of gently diminishing taps.

Why did one say Goodafternoon instead of Goodbye to tradesmen and teachers, she wondered, following her packages as they bobbed evenly down the street before her, recalling (as she adjusted her gait to her burden) countless times when she had waited, in middies and broad sailor hats, for her mother's comforting "Goodmorning, Mr. Schmidt," and Mr. Schmidt's answering "Goodmorning, Mrs. Benjamin, goodmorning I'm sure." And now Katherine, no longer in middies or accompanied by her mother but modestly wearing a ring on her left hand, heard herself kindly bidding Mr. Papenmeyer Goodafternoon, and feeling, as she said it, very close to her mother, feeling almost, as she nodded firmly to him, that she was her mother. (Gerald predicted with scorn that it would not be long before Katherine would speak of Mr. Papenmeyer as "my Mr. Papenmeyer" and he suspected that she would even add, in time, "he never disappoints"; but she was not to suppose, he said, that he would glance benignly over his **Saturday Evening Post** as her father did, and listen.)

Katherine hugged her packages likes babies; in them lay, wrapped in glossy wax paper, in brown paper bags, in patent boxes, the dinner to which Katherine's mother and father were coming as guests. . . The dinner over which Katherine would frown at Gerald politely insulting Mrs. Benjamin; over which Mr. Benjamin would cough and insist on the worst cuts of everything. . . She hoped nervously that Gerald would not be insolent and argumentative, that her mother would not be stupid. . . . She must protect them both. . . And she began to dread the strangeness which always oppressed her on beholding her mother in a house which was her home and not her mother's. . . Ridiculous, she said brightly, I'm not going to let that happen again. . . .

The spire of the church on the corner raised itself in the form of a huge salt-shaker against the mild, colorless sky. The sun, a blurred yellow lamp, glimmered palely behind veils of soiled cloud; it might rain, for the air was sodden, the leaves on the tree before the church hovered on the air with a peculiar waiting indifference, like dead fish turned over on their backs and floating in still water.

And for years to come she, "Mrs. Gerald Jastrow," would walk, heavily laden with her thoughts and her packages, in fall, in winter, in spring, from Mr. Papenmeyer's meat-and-grocery store through these same streets, past the church with its salt-shaker spire, past the row of low brick houses, past the tall india-rubber apartment with the liveried doorman shuffling his feet under the awning, stretched like a hollow wrinkled caterpillar to the curb, to her own home, which she shared with Gerald, of whom she had never heard two years before. . .

Katherine's fingers, tapping the sagging bundles, reviewed their contents. Meat—Mr. Papenmeyer's recommended cut for four—bread, milk, corn, tomatoes—without her asking, the clerk had passionately assured her they were firm—two large packages it amounted to, one small slippery one under her elbow, and her purse. By a minute flexing of her left hand she could feel the key tucked neatly in her glove to save her trouble when she reached her door. (An absurd ritual, that said Gerald; one which in the sum total could not save her much trouble. You've picked up all these damn habits, he said, from your mother; they're a waste of time, they take more time to remember than simply to leave out; be careful, Katherine, before you know it you will be keeping a platinum-framed market-list.) But these little rituals made doing the things fun, Katherine argued; when she remembered, at the grocer's before picking up her packages, to tuck the key in her glove, a horde of vague recollections, almost recollections of recollections, unravelled pleasantly in her mind. They gave meaning to what would otherwise be

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just marketing; they formed a link not only with yesterday and tomorrow, but with other women squinting at scales and selecting dinners for strange men to whom they found themselves married; with, if you like, her mother, who had been doing these things every day for thirty years. You may say poor Gerald, she said, but there are many things which you, who are after all a man, cannot be expected to know; why two years ago you didn't even know me...

Were the flat faces she had left haggling over green peas and punching canteloupes aware of the waiting uncertainties, the uprooting, the transplanting, the bleeding, involved in their calmly leaving their homes to go to live with strangers? Strangers—husbands—Gerald A. Jastrow—I met a boy named Gerald A. Jastrow at a party, he asked to take me home—I am sorry, I am seeing a boy named Gerald Jastrow, he has a cowlick which trembles when he argues—but mother I am seeing Gerald tonight—Gerald says, Gerald thinks—I am going to be married—his name? (whose name?—oh, the Stranger's)—his name is Jastrow, Gerald Jastrow—I've been married for eleven months—my husband's name is Gerald Jastrow, no I don't know him, he's a Stranger to me, but I put away his queersmelling underwear... Katherine reached the sidewalk in time to narrowly avoid a cab which sped down the street in front of her house.

She smiled brightly at the elevator man, an expert, busy, kindly smile; she felt again like her mother. "Wouldn't be surprised if a storm blew up," Albert said to her shrewdly, resting his hand in a friendly way on the lever. (A storm, she didn't want a storm, Katherine thought, suddenly frightened; Gerald might say what he liked about the risk of motoring being greater than that of flying, and the chance of being murdered in sleep greater than that of being struck by lightning: she wouldn't fly, and she cowered before thunder and lightning.) "Oh do you think so?" said Mrs. Gerald Jastrow, and she looked in awe at the elevator man, as if it was all in his hands whether a storm came or not. "Oh I hope not," she pleaded. The elevator stopped on a level with her floor, her door was before her, familiar, with its arty streaks, its brass knob and keyhole, the number 21 in black painted letters. Albert, slamming the door of his cage, determined to go the whole hog. "Well I wouldn't be surprised," he said, and dropped suddenly out of sight.

Katherine could not bear to drop a single one of her burdens, now that she had come so far; she made a series of supreme efforts, balancing, juggling, squirming, forcing her key out of her glove with fractional, inchworm motions, still carefully separating the bottle of milk from the package of Best Eggs, evoking a new muscle to keep the small package from slipping.

And then she was in, in her own house, with the door shut behind her, and the yellow curtains dancing on the window panes, the stove standing, homely and patient, in the small kitchen, the chairs sitting in friendly fashion, as if themselves guests at a tea-party, just as she had left them...

Suddenly she was overcome by a swift engulfing depression. She stood at the door of the yellow room and was unable to put down the packages in her arms. The air in the room stood hot and heavy, waiting, like Albert, with melancholy assurance, for storm; the curtains flapped treacherously.

What nonsense, she said crisply, amazingly comforted by a slant of faint sunlight which quivered through the gloom. Look, she said, it is my own house... Reassured, she dropped her packages on the kitchen table. But someone should be there to greet her, she felt, to rise from one of those friendly chairs and say to her: What did you buy? How was Mr. Papenmeyer the butcher? Was the one-eyed errand boy there today? Come in, take off your hat and gloves, I am glad you are home... A year ago she would have stood at the door and shouted Moth-er, where are you? And if Mrs. Benjamin had not come in haste at her call, a white-aproned German maid (Mrs. Benjamin chaperoned their love-affairs so successfully that they generally stayed with her for years, like obedient nuns) would have come and said, Oh Miss Katy, your mother said to tell you she went over to your Aunt Sarah, your uncle's not feeling just right. (They stayed so long that they picked up Mrs. Benjamin's habits of speech, and said their prayers with an oddly Jewish intonation.)

But she would call up her mother, she thought gleefully, running to the telephone: Hello, mother, what do you think I bought for supper? The butcher said... Do you think there will be a storm, mother?... As she lifted the receiver from its hook she thought she heard faint steps behind her; Gerald, she thought in a flash, and said the receiver back to its place. Of course it wasn't Gerald, at four o'clock in the afternoon, of course it wasn't anybody; but suppose he had come upon her telephoning her mother: she could hear him say, as he had said last Sunday, catching her at the telephone (and of course one thought of one's mother on a long Sunday), Oh for God's sake, Katherine, like a two-year-old baby you are always running home to mother... Cut off from her mother. Yet Gerald was right, she mustn't, she mustn't.

Loneliness surrounded Katherine like a high black fence. Then why not call up Gerald, why not rush to the telephone and call Gerald at his office (where she could never visualize him); if only she could call him up and say to him: I have just come home to our house. It is pleasant and cool, the curtains are still yellow. I shall take off my dress and read. Then I shall cook dinner, for you, for me, for my father and mother—you haven't forgotten they are coming? you'll come early?—Gerald, what are you doing? But she knew his firm "Jastrow speaking," and she could guess, if she dared to go beyond it, at his business-like: "What do you want, dear?" Well, what did she want, she wondered impatiently, and strained to discover whether that was thunder or furniture moving.

Probably Gerald was right, she thought wearily—for he was so often "right" in a logical, meaningless way—that thinking about every small thing, attaching significances to every moment, wishing to communicate every small thought, was, besides being sentimental, "an imbecilic waste of time." Gerald railed against sentimentality, and, charmingly, disarmingly, gave way to it at moments. When the moment passed Gerald shed it like a wet bathing suit, and emerged cool and casual, forgetful and untouched. But with her mother, these moments grew into comfortable hours, never forgotten, linking one with another, remaining always, a steady undercurrent, ready to rise and fill them at the lightest touch.

And sliding the bread into the shining modern breadbox she felt a strong nostalgia for the worn-out tin that had stood for years on her mother's shelf. This cold affair of shelves and sliding doors, glittering knobs and antiseptic lettering suggested too much newness, too little use and familiarity; her mother's loomed in contrast, a symbol of security, almost a refuge from storm. And yet Mrs. Benjamin, with the vision of that old, battered, loyal thing in the back of her mind, had come with Katherine graciously, gaily even, to buy this tawdry substitute. (My little girl, she had said to the clerk, smiling ironically at him and drawing him into her sympathy, would like that Modern Breadbox. It was as if she had said, My little girl has tired of her old mother, she wants the latest thing in young men, one that can scientifically explain away the fear of lightning.) Feeling warmly bound to her mother, she caught herself opening and slamming the little door a second, unnecessary time, an old nervous habit of her mother's. For a moment she felt purified, intensely loyal, as if by this gesture she had renounced the new for the old. She walked from the kitchen with her mother's tired, elastic step, the step of a stout woman who has shopped all day, whose weary body will neither submit to rest nor ignore the stern orders of fashion. It was a step singularly unsuited to Katherine's slimness, but it was comfortable now, familiar; she slid gratefully into it, like one falling into a cushioned rocker which is too large for the body but provides, nevertheless, a warm and comfortable harbor. And so she bent her body back from the waist and became her mother, balancing her stout body, carrying the heaviest part bravely before her. (Your mother navigates like a boat, Gerald had said to her once. Katherine, ruefully succumbing to the justice of the description, had come starkly awake on the edge of falling asleep that night, and cried bitterly, not because Gerald, whom she hated for sleeping soundly beside her, had said it, but because she had laughed.)

Oh of course Gerald was "right," she told herself. And yet, this coming home eagerly, her arms aching with pleasant weights, delighting in

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facing those yellow curtains again, with no one to greet her and unable to telephone because what she had to say to her husband was irrelevant — her mother wouldn't like it, she felt. But between two people who lived together why should anything be irrelevant? nothing she could ever say she knew, would be irrelevant to her mother: how eagerly Mrs. Benjamin had awaited reports of adventures no more important than a shopping expedition, a subway jam, a lunch engagement. (Oh but that had been stupid, stupid — inadequate. You told your mother insignificant things because you knew she wouldn't understand the important ones. Gerald's words: but true, true.) But Gerald himself had so little concern for the small things she did all day that she refrained from telling him anecdotes which she passionately feared might bore him, but which, nevertheless, she collected like bouquets of precious flowers to lay before him if she dared. Looking about the empty room, Gerald's desk standing solidly in one corner reproved her; she became irritated that her mind flew so often to thoughts of her mother.

Like a human shuttle she wove her way between these two, between Gerald and her mother, the two opposites who supported her web. (Why couldn't they both leave her alone?) When she was with her mother she could not read, for she thought continually of the beacon of Gerald's intelligence, which must be protected from her mother's sullying incomprehension. And when she was with Gerald her heart ached for her deserted mother, she longed for her large enveloping sympathy in which to hide away from Gerald's too-clear gaze. From sheer hopelessness and irritation, tears filled her eyes.

She was glad to escape from the kitchen, for she had begun to hate Mr. Papenmeyer's excellent foods, which would merge artfully and serve as the camouflage of a family battle. As long as the dinner lasted, she knew the conversation could be kept meager and on a safely mediocre level. But Katherine, sitting between her mother and father, and eyeing her husband with apprehension, would know that around her own table, consuming food she herself had prepared, a victim would be fattened for slaughter, a victor strengthened for battle. And whoever won, Katherine lost. Oh come, she told herself, exasperated, this isn't the Last Supper.

But that wasn't furniture moving, she told herself grimly, crouching on the window-sill and regarding the street which was lying quietly in its place before her house—not twice, she said, that's Albert's thunder. It rumbled from a great distance, as though it were in hiding.

Certainly, she thought, her mind returning, like a dog worrying a bone, she lived with Gerald on a higher plane if her misery was sometimes more acute, her pleasure, in proportion, was also more acute. While they had felt nothing acutely, Katherine and her mother, as they had built up, over tea-tables, simple patterns of thought, simplified ways of looking at things. What if Katherine had had to stoop her mind so that they might stay together? at least they could talk, at least they kept each other company. Gerald said their talk was no more than gossip; he said that Katherine and her mother had shut themselves up in a hot-house, talking and comforting each other for griefs that could never come to them while they remained in their lethargic half life. But in a world like this, thought Katherine, where thunder-storms can creep on one ruthlessly, why shouldn't two people who love each other hide away and give one another comfort?

Thunder rumbled more constantly now. Katherine, suspicious of it, in spite of its distance, detected in its muffled rolling a growing concentration, as if it were slowly gathering its strength, as if it were winding itself up for a tremendous spring. Should she telephone Gerald? no.

The thought of Gerald frightened her. He led such a curious existence apart from her every day from nine till six. Katherine and her mother had always known exactly what the other was doing, at almost every hour in the day. It was a comfort to stop suddenly, look at one's watch, and think "Mother at the dentist's now" or "I should think mother would be on the way home now." But there were times when Gerald was in the room with her, sitting beside her, lying beside her in bed, when she didn't know exactly where he was.

Gerald said—and with some justice, she admitted to herself that she and

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FROM CANADIAN PORTS — Note: all ships below sail from Montreal, with the exception of the Empresses, which sail from Quebec.

Date	Steamer	Destination: Via
8	Letitia	Glasgow: Belfast, Liverpool
8	Antonia	London: Plymouth, Havre
9	Doric	Liverpool
12	Duchess of Richmond	Liverpool
12	Empress of Australia	Southampton: Cherbourg
14	Montrose	Antwerp: Havre, London
14	Duchess of Atholl	Liverpool
15	Andania	Liverpool: Glasgow, Belfast
15	Aurania	London: Plymouth, Havre
16	Minnedosa	Glasgow: Belfast
16	Albertic	Liverpool: Glasgow, Belfast
19	Empress of Scotland	Southampton: Cherbourg
20	Duchess of Bedford	Liverpool
21	Montclare	Hamburg: Cherbourg, Southampton
22	Athenia	Glasgow: Belfast, Liverpool
22	Ascania	London: Plymouth, Havre
23	Laurentic	Liverpool

FROM NEW YORK

12	De Grasse	Havre: Plymouth
13	Mauretania	Southampton: Plymouth, Cherbourg
14	Europa	Bremen: Plymouth, Cherbourg
14	Stuttgart	Bremen: Cobh, Cherbourg
14	Hamburg	Hamburg: Cherbourg, Southampton
15	Westerland	Antwerp: Plymouth, Cherbourg
15	Carmania	London: Cobh, Plymouth, Havre
16	Kungsholm	Gothenburg
16	Statendam	Rotterdam: Plymouth, Boulogne
16	Saturnia	Trieste: Marseilles, Naples, Patras
16	Bergensfjord	Oslo: Bergen, Stavanger, Christiansund
16	Cleveland	Hamburg: Boston, Galway, Cherbourg
16	Aquitania	Southampton: Cherbourg
16	Samaria	Liverpool: Belfast
16	Britannic	Liverpool: Boston, Cobh
16	Montrosa	London: Cherbourg
16	Homeric	Southampton: Cherbourg
16	Paris	Havre: Plymouth

her mother had lived like two spoiled wives in a harem kept by a simple old gentleman who demanded nothing of them beyond their presence and the privilege of supporting them. But because of his docility, one could not take seriously a possible injustice to him. Besides his work downtown, Mr. Benjamin mailed their letters, called for their purchases, or did any of the little errands which they had spent the day in pleasantly avoiding. If he entered the room where Katherine and her mother were talking, it had seemed quite natural for Mrs. Benjamin to say, "Dear, we are talking." It seemed natural because of the peaceful expression with which Mr. Benjamin picked up his Saturday Evening Post on the way out of the room. All Katherine's uncles were disposed of in the same way by her aunts.

Gerald referred to the Benjamin men as "poor devils," as "emasculated hubs." You resent me, he said to Katherine, because you have a preconceived idea of the rôle to which Jewish husbands are relegated by their wives; you'd like to laugh me out of any important existence. (Indeed, it was only at moments when he was away and when she was performing, in his absence, some intimate service for him, that she could look upon Gerald as her mother looked upon her father; with ease, with possession, with a maternal tolerance touched by affectionate irony. Here were things of which she could be certain: that he rolled his underwear into a ball and dropped it on the floor, that he left his shoes to lie where they fell, that he draped yesterday's tie around the back of a chair. But she could never achieve this intimacy in his presence: when Gerald was with her, when she thought about Gerald, it faded; there was more strangeness.) Gerald again! She was aware of a wish to sink Gerald into the bottom of her mind: she was too much aware of him; when she read, when she visited, when she noticed things, it was always with the desire to report back to Gerald: nothing was complete until Gerald had been told.

She and her mother had discussed and reported everything. But she could no longer be alone with her mother, for it seemed as though Gerald sat in taunting effigy between them, forcing Katherine for her mother's sake to deprecate him, for his sake to protect him, from obscurity, from misrepresentation, from neglect.

His presence, even now, while she was alone, sat heavily, reproachfully, in the empty rooms, forbidding her to call him up, forbidding her to recall comfortably past days she had spent with her mother. This was not living, Gerald said, to spend one's hours in introspective analysis, to brood over the past. Katherine's flights he called "a worthless luxury, like the visits of the rich to Palm Beach or Paris." But it was living. Katherine knew unhappily she was living most acutely.

The room darkened suddenly. Something of the tension which would be upon her later, as it always was when her mother and Gerald were in the same room, came upon her now, as she sat straining for the sound of thunder, watching shades of gloom silently lay themselves to the hot room. Katherine held her breath waiting for thunder, for rain, anything. Voices of children floated reassuringly up from the street and in a moment the sunlight reappeared, tentative, tempting one to believe in it for all its facetiness. The thunder sounded like the chopping of wood in a far off field. Katherine longed for her mother. She wished she were not so near the heart of the storm.

She hated herself for thinking of her mother. But not to think of her demanded a complete uprooting, demanded a final slipping off from a safe dock into unknown waters. Besides she felt guilty toward her mother. She brooded over her as one does over a victim, pitying him, resenting him and utterly unable to forget him.

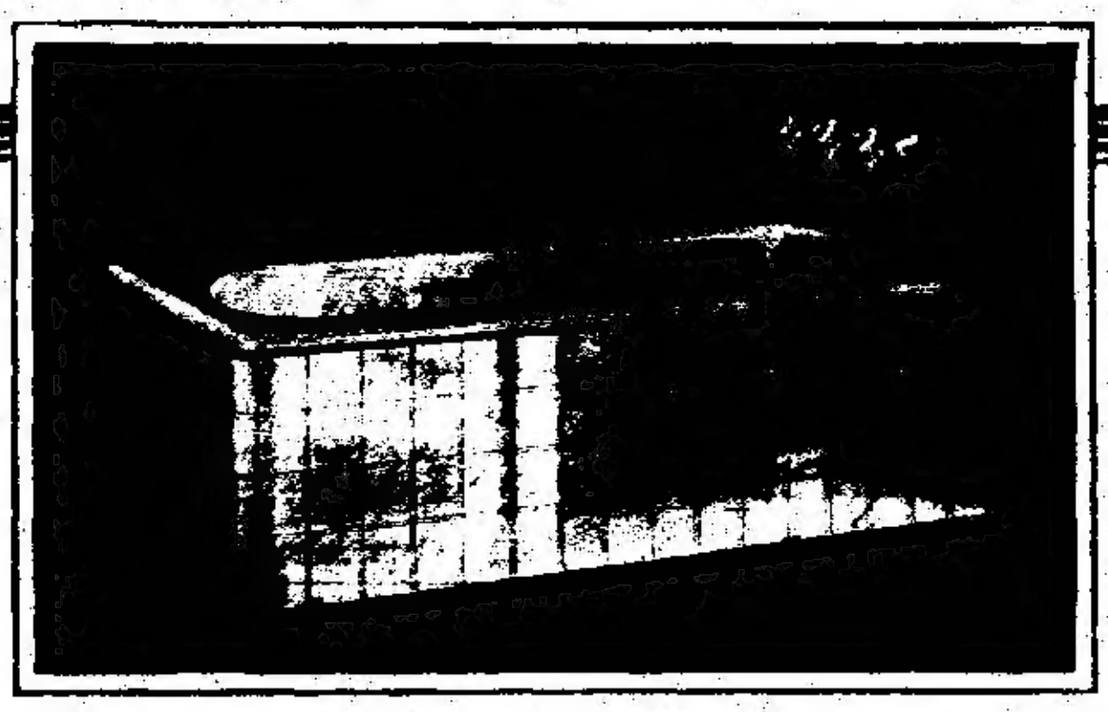
For against her mother Katherine felt that she had committed a crime. She had abandoned that elderly lady for a young man who, from her mother's point of view, had been merely one of several who had taken her to dances, to dinner, who had kissed her in the parlor, with whom finally, inexplicably, she had come to have more dates than with any other. She had abandoned her mother, left her sitting at home with no more evening gowns to "take in," no one to sit up for, no young men to laugh about in the bathroom at four o'clock in the morning when Katherine came home. She had left her to sit opposite an old man at dinner every evening, she had imposed upon her the tragedy of being a guest in her own daughter's house; she had reduced her to a stranger.

But a little bit her mother had the advantage. She had seen Gerald, after all, in the absurd rig of tuxedo and stiff shirt, calling upon her daughter with flowers, with books leaping to his feet when she (Mrs. Benjamin) entered the room. She had watched Gerald for a year politely talking parlor politics with Katherine's father, posturing ridiculously when he held Katherine's coat, becoming perforce friendly with the elevator boys in the Benjamin apartment, slinking shamefacedly before a doorman who had seen him too often. Nothing, Katherine reflected, could be more unreal, more unconvincing, than a young man in the act of courting. She could never forgive Gerald for having let her mother observe him in that rôle. (Equally she could never forgive her mother, blameless as she was, for having seen him.) Her mother could never take seriously, surely, a marriage which had grown from love-making in taxi-cabs which had been reported to her with amusement by Katherine, brushing her teeth in the bathroom. She had not shared with her mother the tortuous transition which had left her no longer an amused observer, but a helpless, suffering participant. All the indignation Mrs. Benjamin had had of Katherine's growing need of Gerald was a burst of hysteria and a state of nervous irritability which had succeeded the usual calm of Katherine's disposition before suddenly one evening, preparing her charity report in a black lace dress, she was confronted by two embarrassed young people who declared their ridiculous intention to marry.

This Katherine felt she should have spared her mother. She should not have caused her so heartbreakingly to drop her charity report on the marble table and to look suddenly at her daughter with reproachful eyes saying half-humorously: What daughter tired of your old mother already?

She had left her parents for no reason, they had given her no cause to leave them. She had left them for no better reason than that when Gerald had said to her that he would never again ask her to marry him she had been seized with pain so intense it

(Continued on Page 19)



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YOUR INVESTMENTS

Corporation News

HAMILTON BRIDGE

In view of the depressed state of business in the first half of the current year Hamilton Bridge Co., Ltd., made a very satisfactory showing according to the statement of earnings just issued. Earnings were equal to $1.81 a share before depreciation as against a $2 requirement for the whole year and should help to allay fears that were current to the effect that the company was not earning its common dividend. Another factor that lends color to the situation is the fact that the company has substantially large orders on its books, reliably stated to be of sufficient volume assuring three months capacity operations.

DOMINION STORES

Dominion Stores, Limited, report net earnings after all charges including provision for Federal income taxes, of $244,480 for the six months ending June 30th, 1930, which amounts to 88 cents per share upon the present outstanding capital of 277,715 shares of common stock without par value. This compares with net earnings after all charges including provision for Federal income taxes of $268,724 for the six months ending June 30th, 1929, which amounted to 98 cents per share upon the capital of 272,300 shares of common stock without par value outstanding as at that date.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

The earnings statement of the Canadian Pacific Railway for the month of June is the best showing of the current year to date, gross at $15,538,841 and net at $2,830,082 being well ahead of any preceding month in 1930. Moreover, a reduction in working expenses in that month almost equivalent to the decline in gross has left the net earnings for the month only slightly below those of June last year.

LOBLAW GROCETERIAS

Sales of Loblaw Groceterias, Limited for the four weeks ending June 28th, 1930, were $1,352,001 as against $1,365,701 for the same period in 1929 and $1,352,805 for the same period in 1928.

National Steel Car Earnings Show Gain of Over 300 Per Cent

A SHARP expansion in earnings, a much strengthened balance sheet position, net working capital trebled and the elimination of a 2½ million bank loan are the high lights in the annual report of the National Steel Car Corporation for the year ended June 30, 1930. Earnings were equal to $8.83 a share as against $2.78 per share shown in the preceding year.

Operating profits for the year amounted to $1,803,791 as compared with $602,220 in the preceding fiscal year. After depreciation write-off of $655,984 there remained $1,147,807 available for dividends against $361,536 the previous year.

General balance sheet figures indicate some rather wide changes. A new item of call loans appears at $650,000, receivables are almost cut in three to half a million, inventories are down to $1,675,945 from $3,165,043 and plant valuation is comparatively steady at $5,981,927. Total assets dropped from $8,931,292 to $10,725,594.

Among the liabilities payables declined over $700,000 to $1,188,587 a previous back loan of $2,328,249 has been almost entirely wiped out and depreciation reserves are raised to $2,010,819 from $1,624,752.

Current assets for the period declined to $2,936,737 from $4,964,599 and current liabilities dropped over $2,000,000 to $1,381,108, leaving net working capital up at $1,555,629 from a previous figure of $515,316.

Net profits for the four weeks ending June 28th, 1930, were $72,184 as against $79,279 for the same period in 1929 and $22,004 for the same period in 1928.

ENGLISH ELECTRIC

The English Electric Company of Canada has received an order from Canadian Copper Refineries, Ltd., subsidiary of Noranda Mines, for 120 motors ranging from small size to 110 horse power. It is understood that Canadian General Electric Co. and Westinghouse Electric Co. have received substantial orders for electrical equipment from the same source.

STANDARD STEEL

It is understood that business for the first six months of this year, while, of course, not as good as the first six months of 1929, is running at a rate comparing very favorably with the year 1921, which was the best previous year in the steel construction business in Canada.

The company is in a strong working capital position, current assets equalling about $9. for each $1. of current liabilities.

CANADIAN INDUSTRIAL ALCOHOL

Sales of Canadian Industrial Alcohol could be described at the present time as satisfactory, according to the president, Lord Shaughnessy, but the fact that the profit from these sales is rather small, due to the different causes, makes the picture of current operations less pleasing than it might be. As a market factor, the stock has ceased to bear its one-time importance, and not until the situation clarifies still further is it likely to attract much of

(Continued on page 15)

Mining & Oil

General conditions at Hollinger are considerably improved as shown in the quarterly statement of production and earnings. Treating an average of a round 4,500 tons of ore a day, the rate of gold output from Hollinger for the first six months of 1930 was $570,300. This is at the rate of $95,050 a month, and if continued throughout the remaining months of the year will give Hollinger a total production this year of $10,400,000. This is approximately $1,000,000 greater than the value of last year's production and is within a few thousands of the 1928 output.

DOME MINES

Excellent progress is reported in construction of the new mill at the Dome and it is thought the plant will be completed and in operation some 90 days. Full capacity may be reached before Christmas. This is one of the speediest construction jobs on record. Word from Porcupine is that the equipment going in suggests a capacity of about $100,000 per week, or around $450,000 a month. While the mill has been idle good progress has been made in underground development. A substantial tonnage of ore has been put ahead of the plant, and, furthermore the mine has been put in such shape that a period of low-cost operation should result when the mill commences working.

SISCOE GOLD

During the period covering the first six months of the current year the Siscoe Gold Mines, Limited, produced gold to the total value of $178,9477. The tons milled were 16,830, giving an average recovery per ton of $10.62. This compares with an average value of $10.53 per ton during the year 1929. The operating profit for the period under review was $53,062.

INTERNATIONAL NICKEL

The International Nickel Company of Canada shareholders on August 7 will be granted the rights to subscribe to the new stock at $20. per share in the ratio of six new shares for each 100 held, it was announced from the New York offices of the company to-day. The rights will expire on Aug-

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Mining & Oil

(Continued from page 14)

[illegible] shareholders gave their approval to the necessary increase in the [illegible] of the company at a meeting held last week, but the [illegible] were not announced

DENA MINES

[illegible] approximately 100 men employed on construction work, the new Dena Mine is rapidly [illegible] Another eight or ten days [illegible] everything will be in readiness for the commencement of production.

[illegible] the present underground operations [illegible] a modified scale. Actual official development [illegible] discontinued, and there is no [illegible] one-sided operation as such time as the mill commences to function.

FALCONBRIDGE NICKEL

Falconbridge Nickel Mines Company is laying plans for production of close to 7,000,000 pounds of nickel annually. Such a production of nickel would carry with it approximately 5,000,000 pounds of copper.

The combined 10,000,000 pounds of nickel and copper which Falconbridge intends to produce commencing late next year, would have a value of $2,900,000, with nickel at 37 cents and copper at 12 cents per pound. Should copper advance to any reasonable extent, the enterprise might be expected to attain a producing basis of about $3,000,000 yearly.

ROYALITE OILS

From Calgary comes word that Royalite No. 18 well has been restored to production after being cleaned out with the diamond drill. The production at this location, which averaged 133 barrels daily during March and April, had fallen off to 60 barrels per day in June. The hole is 3,887 feet deep, 67 feet in the lime.

MAYLAND OIL

It is reported that production at the Mayland No. 1 well has been frozen off for several days; that the second separator which has been hooked up to the Wellington No. 1 has increased production by about 12 barrels per day, and that this is now producing between 155 and 180 barrels per day.

Corporation News

(Continued from page 14)

trading interest. The annual meeting, which has been repeatedly postponed, is now scheduled to be held August 15.

BREWERS & DISTILLERS

Favorable progress is expected for Brewers & Distillers of Vancouver, Ltd., which in 1929 eliminated goodwill of $2,857,000. Stocks of spirits on hand as at December 31, 1929, are reported to have shown an increase of 1,144,000 gallons over 1928.

During 1929 the company arranged with the Bordeaux firm of P. Bardinet to bottle and market their brands of brandies and liqueurs. This necessitated a capital expenditure of $30,000 in erecting a fully equipped warehouse and plant adjacent to the distillery at New Westminster. This year the company should commence to benefit from this additional source of revenue.

People partial to this crime of killing time might be pardoned if they'd only kill their own; but they murder hours and nine—kill our moments as they arise, butcher minutes which are ruthlessly ours alone. Which is why I say in rhyme that the men who kill our time should be banished to an island in the sea, where among the leafy bowers they can kill a string of hours and not have a chance to bother you and me.

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Fred Thomson Co. Limited
ELECTRICAL ENGINEERS
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MOTHER TO DINNER

(Continued from Page 12)

Gerald, who two years before had not existed. Whereas her father and mother had given her blackboards, fed her porridge, measured her growth against a door, for a long period of twenty years during which Gerald had never heard of her. She was unsafe, she cried internally. She was living with a stranger in a strange land where storms evolved closely about one. She was living with a stranger who had no knowledge of the first twenty years of her life, the major portion of her life. She was living in a strange land where her childhood had no existence. It was unreal, it was unsafe, it was terrifying. Gerald liked to hear her tell stories of her childhood; but it was as if, when she told him little things she remembered, she and he were together contemplating the childhood of a stranger. She held tightly to the arms of her chair, but the slippery wood was repelling. Suddenly everything was reduced to an absurdity. It was, to Gerald, as though she had not begun to exist until he had noticed her two years before, at a party, and asked to take her home; but suppose she had not come to the party—she had come only out of boredom; or suppose, to make it more ridiculous, she had not worn the particular blue dress which had caught Gerald's eye? and he hadn't asked to take her home? Their life together seemed no more than the result of a series of insignificant accidents. Could it be real? Could she share the rest of her life with a stranger whose eye had casually fallen on a pink dress? With someone who had known her for only two years out of twenty-two?

Katherine felt herself to be struggling somewhere in the middle, between two harbors, unable to decide whether to swim backward or forward, tempted almost to close her eyes and quietly drown where she was. Shuttle, shuttle, she murmured to herself, miserably exasperated at her weakness, her helplessness.

Smoking in the yellow room, she waited with unhappy certainty for Albert's storm which would surely come now. The air was oppressive, sullenly pregnant. It was as if an evil thing crouched in the room, waiting for birth. Dark was gathering in shades, permitting still a faint yellowish gloom. Wind was dead. Katherine, fearing and hating the coming storm, nevertheless feared and hated the moments of waiting even more. A clock on the mantle slowly ticked off the moments she would have to wait; it was in league with the coming storm. Her body was chill in the midst of heat.

She was weary already with the nervous effort she would make to bring Gerald and her mother close to each other, with her own struggle to remain equally close to both of them, simultaneous with her desperate attempt to conceal from each the affection she felt for the other. Gerald and her mother sitting and eating in this room, which now was the home of the storm, would be a cat and mouse, quietly stalking each other under cover. (Was this true? or did their struggle for supremacy take place merely in her own mind? Because she must know, she must know.) Katherine would twist herself this way and that to keep the evening characterless and pleasantly dull, rather than immerse them all in the horror of an argument, in which their superficial sides would represent symbolically their eternal, fundamental resentment. Katherine must take no sides. Katherine must flit nervously from one side to the other, breaching gaps with hysterical giggles, throwing herself into outbursts of hysterical affection, making a clown of herself in order to distract these two who fought silently for her. She was loathsome to herself.

Her mind struggled with a remote memory. Something—perhaps the slumbering quality of the air which sheltered the coming storm so that its pent-up evil would suddenly roll forth and smother the world—reminded her of a thing which seemed to have happened when she was a child. Frowning, she gazed into herself to recall. And it came back to her. She had cried one day for her mother and they had told her that Mrs. Benjamin had gone to Atlantic City for two days and that this young lady would take care of Katherine while her mother was away. Katherine kicked and screamed but Miss Anna proved so entertaining—she showed her how to make a whole family of paper dolls live through a day's work and play—that she forgot her mother and was surprised to hear the next day that she would be home in an hour. Suddenly she hated Miss Anna, and when Mrs. Benjamin came home she found her daughter crying angrily, Miss Anna, bewildered, murmuring. But she seemed so happy. She seemed perfectly happy. I was not

(Continued on Page 17)

MONTREAL POWER AND SHAWINIGAN

A STUDY of the growth of these two great public utilities, with particular reference to their securities from the standpoint of the investor, will be found in our

August Market Letter

The essential differences between the two corporations in their operations and financing are analyzed. A copy will be sent on request.

JOHNSTON AND WARD
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every Friday

"Sometimes when people reverse me,
I tell them without remorse,
That for what it cost me to be free,
I might have had an author."

A gentleman returning to Montreal by train from the Laurentian Mountains confided to a second gentleman that he had had an awful time of it up there, having blundered into a hotel where there were too many Hebrews. The second gentleman was a Jew and so, summer anti-Semitism having reared its despoiling head, the season may be said to have arrived at its height. Before next week numerous complaints will have been registered with Jewish newspapers wherever they are, from here to Shanghai. All about one high class place which does not encourage Jews, another high class place which wants Christian guests only and another high class place which excludes dogs and Hebrews. However, there are plenty of waiside inns and resorts which do welcome Jews or which are patronized by Jews exclusively and any guest of the Jewish people which resides from summer anti-Semitism would appear to be the least gnawing of the sorrows and hardly worth a moment's worry.

The hotel into which the complaining Christian gentleman blundered is officially known as a Jewish hotel and thus did contain too many Hebrews for his taste. If this be anti-Semitism make the most of it. Thousands of Jews who call themselves good Jews avoid some Jewish hotels for the same reason that the Christian gentleman will never return to one again except by grave error. They can not be called anti-Semites any more than the Jews who love Jewish hotels can be called Judophiles for avoiding the general atmosphere so exclusive to hotels of this kind are to an active majority of thousands.

It is of little or no consequence that a quiet Christian gentleman would find it hard to secure satisfactory lodging in most Jewish hotels. There are Gentile hotels in plenty for him. It is of no consequence at all that Jews do not like Gentile hotels or that Gentile hotels do not like them. It is more interesting to examine the subject of why many Jews do not like most Jewish hotels. It can't be prejudice alone. Perhaps manners have something to do with it.

It is generally recognized that manners have deteriorated seriously in recent years. But with their long dresses and black lace mitts the pendulum must swing the other way, they say, and young people are learning again that it is the nice and nice way to show good manners, in other words consideration for others. But despite and since recognition of the general rise in uncouthness Jews have been criticized by their own observers for being short on good manners. To say that this statement applies to only a certain class of Jews almost seems a waste of words, but perhaps the vanity of some will demand it.

The Jews may be the chosen people, the people of the Book, the people of the Law, the people whose contribution to the world is righteousness and such. However the cause they are still often too noisy and while this fact does not deny their worthy character qualities it does make them less desirable for the close proximity of summer hotel life. In fact many Jews have been known to flee in any opposite direction from the places where their less sympathetic co-religionists hold forth. There may be Jews who are active in Jewish work of all kinds and love what it stands for. Does their dislike of the various manifestations of noise make them anti-Semites?

The ordinary average gentile family checking into a summer hotel at midnight will usually do so with some consideration for sleeping people. Is the Jewish family of the same station as likely to? Is it socially unusual to hear luggage being thrown from room to room and to discern a whole family of the whole place going to bed for the night at the morning, after having been threatened and cajoled into ordinary good behaviour only a few hours for a while. But during the remainder of its stay one will hear unceasing and scattering often because of the game of looking and screaming at the ex-maid, now a nurse and the most loud-mouthed expression of his mother was a disaster will tell it when to gasp for breath. His little sister whines will not eat this or that and a hundred other small annoyances crowding out making a day of vacation. The boy scout is courteous, quiet and a model of deportment and importance to others while his sister is often shrill and noisy and consumed with herself but usually the best-behaved of the lot perhaps because the battle-ground of the family get-together has drowned him out with the efficiency of water constantly dripping—on a stone. Perhaps he is pondering how much money has been spent on this spoiled, little brood of his. It takes prizes and first honors and gold medals but the winners often act like little pigs toward him and every one in general. Perhaps the man is oppressed by the suspicion that the first evidence of education and breeding should be the ability to adapt oneself to immediate surroundings with due consideration for the other inhabitants.

If there is any truth to this the best way to inculcate good will between Jew and Jew would be to teach children right now to control their voices, to be polite and unselfish and not to bang the doors. When they grow up their children could learn as the Gentiles do, not so much by wordy precept as by precept and example as well.

From Our Contemporaries

The Jewish Regiment says:

"The Fast of Tisha b'Ab which begins tomorrow evening, has in the course of the centuries gathered about itself a series of sad memories of events that occurred in Jewish history on this day in the calendar. Besides the two chief events the day commemorates, the destruction of the first and of the second Temples, tradition regards the final defeat of Bar Cochba, the expulsion of the Jews from Spain and many another misfortune in Jewish annals as having taken place on the same day. We shall now have to add another painful experience to the many occurrences of the day, the carnage and destruction staged by the Arabs in Palestine last year with the view of destroying the new hope that has arisen in the Jewish heart in connection with the rebuilding of their ancient homeland.

Days of hope and cheer for a united Israel in behalf of the great ideal of the rebuilding of Palestine emanated from Zurich during the month of August, 1929, warming the hearts and heightening drooping spirits, infusing confidence that the long exile was nearing its end, and that Jewry would again be united in the land of their ancestors and of their hopes. It was at the height of these expectations, while paeans of triumph still reverberated, and yet while opponents were still clasping hands and swearing loyalty to a common ideal, when the ink had not yet dried from the signatures to the pact which promised co-operation and united effort in behalf of the great Jewish hope, that the crash came, a crash that stunned the Jews of the world and filled them with dismay. During the week of Tisha b'Ab, hundreds of Jewish men, women and children in Jerusalem, Hebron, Safed and many other places were butchered, their property, the result of years of hard labor and many self-denials, taken from them or destroyed, the homes which they had been led to believe secure and permanent in a land that was eventually to become their own, given over to pillage and ruthless spoliation.

The year that has passed since that catastrophic calamity has shown that despite the enormity of the disaster, despite the feeble sympathy extended by the nation, chiefly responsible for the government of Palestine, despite the series of disappointments in every direction during this period, Jewish hopes are still as strong as ever and Jewish attachment to the land of their fathers is still as powerful as it has always been. Muftis and effendis will come and go, even High Commissioners and British Colonial secretaries are not permanent, but this great ideal of the Jewish people, nurtured for so many centuries, this overpowering sentiment which sustained them through the ages cannot be destroyed. As we recall with tears and with mourning the many misfortunes that befell our people on this day, from the year 586 B.C.E. even to the year of 1929, C.E., from the day when Nebuchadnezzar caused the Temple of Solomon to be consigned to the flames, to the day when by the order of the Grand Mufti of Jerusalem the Jews are prohibited to light a Habdalah candle on the site of the remnant of that sacred spot, we are heartened in the thought that justice will still be done and that the Jewish claim to the heritage will still receive the recognition not only of the nations of the world, but also of the Palestine Arabs who have thus far caused so much pain and misery."

The Detroit Jewish Chronicle says:

"The city that there is reason [illegible] in the building of synagogues has reached the Rabbinical Assembly of United Hebrew Congregations, The Pittsburgh Platform Sundays. The association's president, Rabbi [illegible] man H. Klein, addressing the [illegible] leaders at the annual convention in New York, urged a [illegible] many plan in the construction of synagogues, in the following words to American Jewish communities:

'Since the financial crash [illegible] millions have been expended on the building of new [illegible] synagogues. We have forgotten that [illegible] name was not made to impress and prejudice. We therefore call upon American Jewish communities to refrain from building enterprises for a period of five years. Let us cease building Jewish cathedrals here and a homeland in Palestine.

We consider this the most practical message that has come from the rabbinical conference held during the past month. We are not of Dr. Esther Fry in his volume 'The United States Looks at Its Churches,' which he compiled for the Institute of Social and Religious Research, that there was a 300 per cent increase in the value of synagogue structures in the period from 1916 to 1926; that the increase during the period of 1906 to 1926 was 90 per cent, and that the actual figures for synagogue values in the years 1906, 1916 and 1926 were $21,000,000, $51,000,000 and $97,000,000 respectively.

These figures, however, mean little without the additional explanations made by Dr. Fry, who points out in his study that the average synagogue costs $66,000, a figure larger than the cost of a church of any other large denomination in the country. We are also informed by this investigator that Jewish congregations in urban areas [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

which will act as a purgative and enable them to get rid of the offending food.

It is harmful to take it simply means that we are doing our best to set in motion the intestines which nature has put at rest as a protective measure. It means that we disregard the danger signal of pain which nature sends out, which is the only means for us to take.

In those cases where persons with abdominal pain have taken a laxative without serious or apparently harmful results, but it is equally true that many persons have lost their lives because they took a laxative to relieve abdominal pain.

If the pain has been caused by an inflamed appendix, the movements of the intestines set up by the laxative may cause the appendix to rupture and spread its contents, which results in peritonitis. If the pain is due to a ruptured ulcer or to an inflammation of any of the abdominal organs, movement of the intestine increases over and over the chances of the development of serious and fatal conditions.

When abdominal pain occurs, it is well to recognize that it should not be dealt with by stimulating the movement of the intestines which nature has put at rest as a means of protection.

Questions concerning Health, addressed to the Canadian Medical Association, 184 College Street, Toronto will be answered personally by letter.

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Sherbrooke, Que.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Schwartz, of Sherbrooke and Mr. and Mrs. Abe Yaeger, of Magog, Que., motored to Old Orchard for a few weeks.

* * *

M. Abelson, of Boston, spent a few days in town visiting his wife and daughter who are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Bernstein, Queen St.

* * *

Mrs. Rebenberg, Prospect Street, spent a few days at Abenakis Springs.

* * *

Miss Frieda Rabinovitch, of Westmount, who spent a few weeks with her sister, Mrs. Samuel W. Smith, has returned home.

* * *

Mrs. Saul Usher and son Bobby, of Montreal, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. M. Rebenberg for the past few weeks, have returned home.

* * *

Mr. Saul Usher and his brother, Max, spent the week end here with Mr. and Mrs. M. Rebenberg, Prospect St.

* * *

Miss Bessie Weinstein left for Boston, where she will spend two weeks visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. Packtoroff.

* * *

Misses Rosalie and Sidney Ravid, of Montreal, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Cohen while visiting in town.

* * *

Miss Rose Schwartz, Montcalm St., is spending the rest of the summer at La Belle Inn, Katevale, Que.

* * *

M. Smith, High Street, motored to Montreal for a few weeks.

HE LIVES IN HOPES

"Do you know Mr. Atkinson, what people are saying about you?"

"And what are people saying about me?"

"That your banker has run away with the cash and your daughter."

"Oh, that is a true bill. Mark has at last actually returned me part of what he took."

"And now what do you intend?"

"To live on for my daughter."

British Will Give Views on Palestine

In view of the mandates commission's criticisms of the British in a report of a special session in June to the Council of the League of Nations on the 1929 outbreak in Palestine which it investigated the British Government has asked to have its comments on the commission's views printed, conjointly with the report itself.

The result has been that the publication of the report which already had been delayed, since it should have been released to the press late in July, will be delayed probably at least two weeks more.

There is a provision in the mandate regulations allowing a mandatory party to take the step Britain has taken, but hitherto none ever used it, though the French tried to. Vita Catastini, director of the secretariat's mandate section, was recently in London conferring with the Foreign Office over its desire to have its comments printed simultaneously with the report. The British gave him the confidential text of the comments they wished to make and Signor Catastini has now gone to Belgrade to confer with the Finnish Foreign Minister, Hjalmar Procope, who, as a council member and rapporteur on mandates, will decide on the British request. A favorable response is expected.

The British move is criticised in some circles here which see in it the desire to delay the publication of the report so little time may be left for its public consideration before the council meets in September. The criticism is sharper since this is not the first delay in the League's action on Palestine, due to Britain, which was responsible for causing the commission's special session on the outbreak, scheduled for March, to be postponed until June and which even then did not have ready all the necessary documentation, especially on the important questions of land and immigration, thus considerably handicapping the commissioners.

The British argue that the summary of the mandates commission's finding, which leaked out in the press in July, make it all the more necessary that their reply be published simultaneously with the next report. The criticism, even in London, is that the British could have submitted their comments earlier, avoiding the present delay.

The mandates commission's report is known to blame the British severely for holding back British police and troops in Palestine, regarding this as one of the chief causes of the trouble breaking out and developing to the extent it did.

LOEW'S

For the week of Monday August 11th Loew's Theatre will have another most unusual and interesting bill, with the screen attraction providing the popular and beautiful Norma Shearer with her finest dramatic role and the stage bill boasting no less a celebrity than Trixie Friganza as its headliner.

"Let Us Be Gay" is Miss Shearer's latest starring hit and it will reveal the star in most sensational role, wearing a more lavish wardrobe than in any previous picture and displaying anew those talents which have made her one of the most versatile and gifted actresses on the motion picture screen.

Miss Shearer is delightful first as the young wife and mother who desires nothing but domestic tranquility, and later in the French scenes where she is seen as a smart habitude of the Parisian fashionable spots while awaiting the inevitable divorce from a husband who wants to be gay. This graceful star achieves new distinction and rare beauty which will enrapture the fannes.

As Kitty Brown who studies frocks as well as life in Paris so that she may support herself, Miss Shearer is constantly in an environment which enables her to present her charming ways and moods and there are tense moments which present her as a gifted dramatic actress and one who is undeniably a scintillating and capable

Holy Blossom Hebrew Congregation, Rabbi M. N. Eisendrath, Bond Street.

Saturday at 11 a.m., Percy E. Gross Smith, of the Hebrew Union College, will conduct the services.

Prepared under the supervision of the Home Service Department of Lake Simcoe Ice & Fuel Limited

Golden Parfait

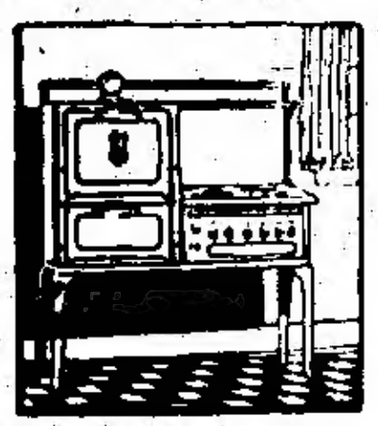
1 c sugar
½ c water
8 egg yolks, well beaten
1 pint cream

Boil the sugar and water to the soft ball stage. Pour gradually over the egg yolks and cook as for soft custard. Cool. Add the cream and complete as for angel parfait.

Strawberry Parfait

Add 2 cups crushed, fresh strawberries to angel parfait just before molding. Omit the vanilla. Other fruits may be used in the same way.

New opinions are always suspected and usually opposed, without any other reason, but because they are not already common.



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TORONTO SOCIAL

Mr. and Mrs. Sigmund Samuel, Forest Hill Road, have returned from Montreal.

• • •

Mrs. Hartman, of Chicago, who is visiting her daughter Mrs. Isadore Frankel, Dunblaine Drive, left town Thursday.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hermant, Bloor Street, were in Montreal.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Marks, Walmer Road, took a week-end boat trip to the Thousand Islands.

• • •

Congratulating Mrs. Lester Miller, of Brooklyn, N. Y., this past week, were Mrs. Frankel, Hudson Drive, at dinner; Mrs. Arthur Cohen, Forest Hill, luncheon at the Lawn Tennis and Country Club; Mrs. Henry Nathanson, Dunfield Avenue, luncheon; Mrs. Carl Frankel, Dunblaine Drive, luncheon; Mrs. J. Desmarais, Glen Road, luncheon; Mrs. Joshua Smith, MacKenzie Avenue, dinner party.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. Leo Frankel, Jarvis Street, have left to spend a week in Montreal.

• • •

Mrs. Ray Frankel, Hudson Drive, was hostess at dinner Sunday evening, honoring Mrs. Eugene Zaphiratos, of Atlanta, Ga., and Mrs. Lester Miller, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. David Wolpow, of Cleveland, Ohio, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Allen, Rosedale Drive, are taking the Saguenay River boat trip before returning to their home.

• • •

Mrs. Lester Miller, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. Harold Levi, Lowndale Road, returns home on Saturday.

• • •

Mrs. Eugene Zaphiratos, of Atlanta, Ga., who has been with her mother, Mrs. Leo Frankel, Jarvis Street, returned home the latter part of this week.

• • •

Mrs. Phil Kaufman and family of Berlin, Germany, who have been visiting her parents, Reverend and Mrs. M. Kaplan, Rose Park Drive, are leaving Toronto August 14th, and sail from New York on the S.S. Bremen, August 16th.

• • •

Miss Leonie Cohen, of Montreal, is spending a few weeks with her cousin, Mrs. A. Rosenthal, Roswell Hill Road.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. D. Simon, of Chicago, and Ohio, spent the holiday week-end with Mr. and Mrs. A. Allen Jacobs, Forest Hill, before attending some days with their daughter Mrs. Stanley Cohen.

• • •

Miss Beatrice Hutner, Killarney Road, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Saul Tarnay, of Detroit, Ont.

• • •

Mrs. J. Rose, of Chicago, has returned home after visiting her daughter Mrs. D. Kent, Dunblaine Avenue.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Matthews, of Jarvis Mansions, spent the holiday week-end at Wasaga Beach, Ont.

• • •

Mrs. M. Stamper, Bloor Park, Toronto, and Mrs. C. Matthews, of Detroit, are visiting New York.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hutner spent the holiday week-end in Rochester, N. Y., with Dr. Lawrence M. Hutner.

• • •

Mrs. L. J. Levine, Dunblaine Avenue, is home after spending a month in Montreal. Mrs. Levine visited for a week with Mrs. L. B. Satin in the Laurentian Mountains and Mrs. A. B. Levitt, Dunblaine Avenue, and Mrs. M. J. Silverman, Park Avenue.

• • •

Miss S. Cauman, of Jamestown, Saskatchewan, is spending a few days in Rochester, N. Y.

• • •

Miss Lorraine Hourez, Spadina Road, is holidaying with her aunt, Mrs. L. Schwartz, of Bowmanville, Ont.

• • •

Miss Sylvia Lewandowski, of Rochester, N. Y., is visiting with Mrs. A. Sheps, at her summer home in Muskoka, Ont.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Denton Hall, Inglewood Avenue, have returned from a month's vacation in Muskoka. Lucien Lapointe, of Paris, France, accompanied them home.

• • •

Henry Clavir, Hutchison Crescent, is spending his vacation in Sturgeon Chutes at Magnetawan River.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. M. Hannah, Dunblaine Drive, spent the holiday week-end at Rice Lake, Ont.

• • •

Miss Flora Levi, of Winnipeg, Man., is with her sister, Mrs. M. Warshaw, Roxborough Avenue.

• • •

Mrs. A. Levine, and daughter, Anne, of New York, are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. I. Cinamon, at their summer home on Wilcocks Road.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Zalle, Glenayr Avenue, who have been on the sick list, broke up their week-end at Wasaga Beach Cottage, and came home on Wednesday.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. I. A. Landsberg and son, Keith, Cardinal Place, spent the holiday week-end with Mrs. Landsberg's parents, Mr. and Mrs. I. Cinamon, Kingsway South, Ont.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Varsh, Edmonton, Northwest Territories, motored to Metro Canning Week. Upon their return they will spend a month.

• • •

Miss Jennie Cohen, Dufferin Street, entertained at a luncheon party in honor of Miss Mae Cantwell, who is leaving this week for New York.

• • •

Miss Charlotte Edward Schmidt, Dunblaine Boulevard, entertained at a birthday party, attending including Misses Isabelle Silverberg, of New York, and Gayle Isaac, of Pittsburg, Pa. The hostess was assisted by Mrs. Isaac Isaac.

Lake Simcoe ICE & FUEL LIMITED KINGSDALE 6181

Miss Anne Silver, Bloor Street, and Miss Sheinman.

• • •

Miss Esther Cohen, of Toronto, left August 1st for Atlantic City, N. J., where she will spend a month with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. I. Cohen.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. I. Cohen, Dufferin Street, announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Rachel Cohen, to Mr. Abraham Shapiro, of Toronto.

• • •

A congratulatory tea for Mr. and Mrs. I. Cinamon and Miss Rachel Cinamon, of Toronto, was held at the home of Mrs. Cinamon's sister, Mrs. Harry Rosenthal, Dunblaine Drive, on the occasion of the marriage of the latter's daughter, Miss Anne Cinamon, to Mr. Abraham Shapiro, of Toronto.

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HON. FORBES GODFREY, M.D.
Minister

JAMES H. H. BALLANTYNE,
Deputy Minister

Department of Labour

East Block, Parliament Buildings,
TORONTO.

Factory Inspection Branch: Chief Inspector, JAMES T. BURKE

The Factory, Shop and Office Building Act of Ontario requires that no child under 14 years of age be employed in a factory or shop.

It shall not be lawful for a youth, young girl or woman to be employed for more than 10 hours in one day, nor more than 60 hours in any one week.

In every factory the employer shall allow every youth, young girl and woman therein employed not less than one hour at noon of each day for meals but such hour shall not be counted as part of the time herein limited as respects the employment of youths, young girls and women.

Employees will observe that abstract cards posted in the factories enable them to become acquainted with their protection under this Act.

For particulars as to further requirements of the Factory, Shop and Office Building Act of Ontario, communicate with the Chief Inspector of Factories, East Block, Parliament Buildings, Toronto. Telephone Adelaide 1281.

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B. Rosen, TRin 8694 Toronto. Phone Preston 625

Mrs. A. G. Volpé, Markham Street, is at her summer home in Bronte, Ont.

* * *

Harry Samuels, of Montreal, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. Samuels, Palmerston Boulevard, over the holiday week-end.

* * *

Miss Lena Soltz, Ulster Street, is back from a two weeks' visit to Rochester, N. Y., where she was the guest of Miss Sarah Rotenberg, Lake View Park.

* * *

Max Miller, of Montreal, was the week-end guest of Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Hansher, Wells Hill Avenue.

* * *

Rabbi and Mrs. A. E. Halpern and children, of St. Louis, Mo., are in town for a few days visiting their family.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Wolfe, Lakefront Avenue, spent a few days at Scugog Island.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. M. Goldberg and family, Scarboro Road, spent the holiday week-end at Wasaga Beach, Ont.

* * *

Miss Lillian Robertson, Roxton Road, spent the past week with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gunter, at their summer home in Burlington Beach, Ont.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. J. Freeman, of Chicago, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Wolfe, Kingswood Road.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. B. Weiss, of Huron Street, have left to spend two weeks at Jackson's Point, Ont.

* * *

Miss Marie Joels, of Pittsburgh, Pa., is with Miss Paula Herman at her summer home in Long Branch, Ont.

* * *

Miss Rose Specton Grace Street, spent the holiday week-end at Burlington Beach, the guest of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gunter.

* * *

Miss Ray Cherniavsky, Dundas Street West, spent the past week at Wasaga Beach, Ont.

* * *

Miss Gussie Hundert, Montrose Avenue, visited for a few days in Buffalo, N. Y., the guest of Miss Pauline Satuloff.

* * *

Irving Rodenberg, of Detroit, spent the week-end in Toronto.

* * *

Paul Freeman, of Montreal, is in town visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Wolfe, Kingswood Road.

* * *

Mrs. M. Bochner and children, of London, England, are visiting her husband's family, Mr. and Mrs. M. Bochner, Dundas Street West.

* * *

Misses Dorothy and Bayley Pearlman, Hurndale Avenue, are spending their vacation at Parry Sound and Muskoka.

* * *

Miss Mildred Rachmil, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is visiting her cousins Mr. and Mrs. A. Yankoo, Bloor Street West.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Sid Caplan, Markham Street, have left on a motor trip through the Mid-Western and Southern States.

* * *

Mrs. H. Paulin and daughter, Bernice, College Street, have left to spend August at Jackson's Point, Ont.

* * *

Mrs. B. Moskowitz, Palmerston Boulevard, is home from a three weeks' stay in Mount Clemens, Mich.

* * *

A bridge and tea was given in honor of Miss Anne Klein, bride-elect of this month, at a down-town tea room Saturday, August 2nd., by Miss Trudy Klein. Prize-winners were Misses Doris Cohen, Kate Solomon and Ruth Freedman.

* * *

Miss Rose Wolfish, Palmerston Boulevard, is spending the holiday week-end at Crystal Beach, Ont.

* * *

Sidney Emsig, Brighton Beach, N. Y., is visiting his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. M. Emsig, at their summer home in Keswick, Ont.

* * *

Mesdames Charles and Hyman Rotenberg have left for an extended vacation in Atlantic City.

* * *

Mrs. A. Buckstein and family, Beatrice Street, are summering at Belle Ewart, Ont.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. M. Greisman and son and Mrs. R. Fishbein, spent a few days in Oshawa, Ont.

* * *

Miss Kate B. Nurick, Grange Avenue, has returned home after spending the past two weeks in Detroit, and Cedar Point.

* * *

George and Morris Katzenberg and Preston Golden, of Chicago, motored to town and are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. D. Kent, Cheritan Avenue. They left for New York, July 31st.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Axler, Bloor Street West, entertained Sunday evening last honoring the latter's brother, Chas. S. Lubin, of New York City, whose marriage to Miss Charlotte Denton took place July 10th.

* * *

Mrs. Frank Soupcoff and daughter, Mynne, Bloor Street West, returned on Monday from a two weeks' visit to Pittsburgh, Pa.

* * *

Mrs. J. Lubin, Miss Lillian Lubin and Irwin J. Lubin, Simcoe Street, returned home after motoring to New York where they attended the wedding of their son and brother, Charles S. Lubin, to Miss Charlotte Denton, of New York.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. S. Lubin, of New York, were with their mother, Mrs. J. Lubin, Simcoe Street, for a few days while on their honeymoon, returning to New York through Saratoga Springs and Lake George.

* * *

A bridge was held at the summer home of Mrs. L. Adelberg, Jackson's Point Wednesday evening, July 30th, under the convenorship of Mesdames L. Adelberg, H. James and C. James. Proceeds go to their booth at the coming food sale of Goel Tzedec Sisterhood. Present were: Mesdames B. Yaffe, I. Cooper, B. Cooper, N. Rosenberg, M. Lewis of Utica, N.Y., A. Debrofsky, of Montreal, C. Lyons, Bernstein, J. Kronick, M. Harlig, A. Rafelman, C. Nesbitt, R. Ulster, B. Sommerstein, L. Weingarten, M. Margolies, H. Caplan, L. Weinberg, H. Goldman, M. Geldzealer, Greisman, H. Birnbaum, Ram, A. Schutter, W. Liebel, B. Dick, E. White, B. Doidge, Katz, Cohen, Finken, Mr. and Mrs. N. Helpert, D. Dunkelman, I. Levinter, J. Miller and Birns.

Your whole thought current must be in the direction of your life purpose. The great miracles of civilization are wrought by thought concentration. Live in the very soul of expectation of better things, in the conviction that something large and beautiful will await you if your efforts are intelligent, if your mind is kept in a creative condition and you struggle upward to your goal. Live in the conviction that you are eternally progressing, advancing toward something higher, better, in every atom of your being.

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52 KENSINGTON AVENUE TORONTO

Jewish Girls' Camp

Jewish Girls' Camp Intermediates hiked up the mountain on Monday, along with Misses Elsie Kaplan, Arna Mann; and Martin Cohn; Lily Kaufman, Rose Sheinman,—Naomi group: Ray Goldforb, Dora Misel, Hatikvah; Minnie Rockert, Annie Meslin, Sophie Reindorf, Mt. Sinai; Sophie Pollick, Mary Spring, Sholom. A Council Ring was held on Monday night.

Misses Tmima Littner and Elsie Kaplan accompanied the following campers on an exploration tour up the Blue Mountains; Fay Moriens, Zion; Goldie Goldenthal, Frances Spring, Hatikvah girls; Sylvia Moriens, Bella Pearl, Toby Reindorf, Marshalls; Gussie Milrod, Spicks and Spans; Lily Lablong, Esther Salsberg, Helen Rockert, Toby English, Sholom; Fanny Richmond Mt. Sinai; Helen Slavner, Mary Pearl, Jolly Jewish Seven; Rosie Richmond, Fanny Wagman, Naomi. A popularity contest was staged on Thursday. Fay Moriens, Zion cabin was chosen King; Lily Kaufman, Naomi cabin, Queen; Edith Goldenberg, first lady-in-waiting, Goldie Pincus, Hatikvah cabin, second lady-in-waiting; Esther Salsberg, third lady-in-waiting, Norma Wagman, fourth lady-in-waiting.

Miss Yetta Littner took the Juniors on a mountain hike on Friday: Fanny Goldforb, Freda Schwartz, Norma Wagman, Annie Spring, Lily Misel, Rosie Frisch, Freda Siegel, Sara Markowitz, Edith Goldenberg, Pauline Frisch, Sophie Pearl. Friday night and Saturaday night services were conducted by the Campers. Miss Tmima Littner, Head Counsellor, blessed the Sabbath lights. Ethel Gewertz, Annie Meslin, Fanny Richman, Fanny Wagman, Yetta Frisch, Fay Moriens, The choir, Goldie Pincus, Fanny Goldfarb, Helen Slavner, Sophie Pearl, Edith Goldenberg, Pearl Sugarman, Dora Mizel, Gussie Milrod, Minnie Rockert, Jennie Potsheba and Mary Pearl—were led by Misses Yetta Littner, Rose Goldstein and Frances Weisberg. Dramatic night was held Saturday. The Deborah group—Sophie Pearl, Betty Rockert, Sara Markowitz, Lily Myzel, Rosie Frisch, Freda Segal, Miss Bella Zahler, Counsellor, and the Jewish Pals—Fanny Goldforb, Annie Spring, Freda Schwartz, Norma Wagman, Sara Silverman, Pauline Frisch, Edith Goldenberg, under the leadership of Miss Arna Mann together presented "Columbus Discovers America". Cabin Zion, Miss Rose Goldstein, Counsellor, put on a mock trial. The following participated, Tilly Silverman, Mary Pearl, Stella Kaufman, Jennie Potsheba, Celia Chislowsky, Yetta Frisch, Fay Moriens, Molly Sugarman. Misses Littner and Weisberg's cabins presented "The Writing on the Wall". The following took part:' Bella Pearl, Toby Reindorf, Bessie Lutterman, Riva Goldenthal, Sylvia Moriens, Dora Myzel, Ray Goldforb, Goldie Pincus, Goldie Goldenthal. Miss Helen Schwartz's cabin, Spicks and Spans, presented "Fairies Believe in the Truth". Ethel Gewertz, Sara Smolkin, Lily Jacobs, Nancy Silverman, Gussie Milrod, Lily Salem, Ruth Luckovitch. The Mt. Sinai cabin, under direction of Miss Anna Sacks, presented "The Deep Mystery", Annie Meslin, Fannie Richman, Minnie Rockert Ray Simon, Sophie Reindorf. The Naomi cabin presented "Growth of Spirit at Camperdown" which was written by their Counsellor, Miss Lillian Gold. The following took part—Lilly Kaufman, Eva Friedman, Clara Halpern, Rose Schienman, Fanny Wagman, Sophie Siegel, Rosie Richman.

Miss Elsie Kaplan's group, Sholom, present a little skit, "The case is milchedick". Helen Rockert, Mary Spring, Sophie Pollick, participated. Miss Sara Kaplan's cabin, the Jolly Jewish Seven presented "Nevertheless", Fanny Wimpole, Mary Pearl, Sadie Slavner, Helen Slavner, Pearl Sugarman, Frances Spring.

Sunday night a Council Ring and closing ceremony were held. Miss Yetta Littner led the songs. Miss Beulah Hutner, Head Swimming Counsellor, presented the ribbons for swimming—the following earned the red ribbon — Fanny Spring, Mollie Sugarman, Mary Pearl, Pearl Sugarman, Riva Goldenthal, Rosie Richman, Eva Freedman, Lily Kaufman, Clara Halpern, Rosie Sheinman, Minnie Rockert, Mancy Silverman, Gussie Mildrod, Lily Salem, Lily Jacobs, Ruth Luckowitch, Ethel Gewertz, Mary Spring, Sophie Pollick, Freda Schwartz, Sophie Pearl, Stella Kaufman.

Blue ribbons were presented to Sadie Slavner.

White ribbons were presented to Helen Rockert, Rachel Goldforb, Sophie Reindorf, Helen Slavner.

Miss Sara Kaplan presented the Spicks and Spans, Ethel Gewertz, Sara Smolkin, Lily Jacobs, Nancy Silverman, Gussie Milrod, Lily Salem, Ruth Luckowitch, with the Dramatic ribbon. Miss Helen Schwartz, Counsellor. The nature ribbons were awarded to the Marshalls group, Miss Frances Weisberg, Counsellor, — Bella Pearl, Toby Reindorf, Bessie Lutterman, Riva Goldenthal, Sylvia Moriens. Miss Yetta Littner made the presentations.

Miss Tmima Littner presented the honour ribbons to the Jolly Jewish Seven, Miss I. S. Kaplan's cabin, Fanny Wimpole, Mary Pearl, Sadie Slavner, Helen Slavner, Pearl Sugarman, Frances Spring.

Mr. Richardson, chief of the Forestry Department, visited the Camp last week to inspect the bush and plan for the development. On Friday there was a visit from the foresters in charge of Mr. Barnes to blaze a nature trail and mark the trees.

The first party of 63 girls returned to Toronto on Monday in charge of Martin Cohn, Director, Misses Elsie and Sara Kaplan, Ann Sacks, Arna Mann, Beulah Hutner, Rosetta Houzer, Helen Schwartz. The second party of 68 girls arrived on Tuesday in charge of Martin Cohn, Director, Miss Rosetta Houzer, and Misses Arna Mann, Beulah Hutner, Anna Sacks, Elsie and Sarah Kaplan, Helen Schwartz.

A Sing Song was held Tuesday night under the direction of Miss Yetta Littner.

Cabin fires and Marshmallow roasts were held on the beach the following night.

All the new campers were initiated on Thursday night. Misses Helen Schwartz, Elsie and Sara Kaplan, Frances Weisberg took charge of the initiation ceremonies. Misses Lillian Gold, Bella Zahler, Bertha Steinberg, Tmima Littner, Rose Goldstein lit the fires of Friendship, Loyalty, Understanding, Health, and Camp Spirit. Friday evening and Saturday morning services were conducted by the campers. The following took part: Evelyn Applebaum, Sadie Geller, Gertie Plansky, Bella Friedman, Bessie Cohen, Marion Pinkus, Pearl Goldberg, Billy Greenberg, Gertrude Tishman, Bessie Drutz, Esther Ginsberg. Misses Yetta Littner, Rose Goldstein, Frances Weisberg led the choir.

The following cabins participated in the Dramatic Night:

Miss Bella Zahler's group presented "Darby and Joan".— Marie Joseph, Florence Bernard, Sylvia Okun, Rosie Shulman, Rosie Eisensher, Gertie Goldberg. "The Lost Necklet" was presented by Miss Frances Weisberg's cabin. — Fanny Melamid, Minnie Melamid, Marian Pincus, Bella Freedman, Clara Shapero Molly Brodsky; The Sinucha's, Miss Elsie Kaplan's cabin presented "Movie Studio Scene", Annie Tiskoff, Lillian Roff, Bertha Berkowitz, Clara Melamid, Celia Chapnick, Sadie Geller, Florence Leibowitz, Jennie Shulman. Miss Helen Schwartz's cabin

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ORANGE PEKOE BLEND

'Fresh from the gardens'

THE HOLY BLOSSOM SYNAGOGUE

announces that

APPLICATIONS

FOR THE N. L. NATHANSON SCHOLARSHIP

will be received until August 15, 1930

This scholarship is to be granted to a deserving Jewish student residing in Toronto, to be used for the purpose of securing higher education; the award will be made early in September.

Other Bricks different in flavor but the same as Palermo in quality are:

Vanilla
Venetian
Neapolitan
Orange Crush
Maple Walnut
Hawaiian Pineapple
Vanilla and Strawberry
Cherry Custard
French Chocolate
Strawberry Fruit

dessert for five!

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City Dairy TORONTO

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Remember PALERMO ice cream is a City Dairy creation . . . another reason why it tastes so good. Any City Dairy dealer can supply you with this wholesome treat.

presented "Mimol and Pietrette" Mildred and Annie Belakofsky, Bertie Plansky, Esther Silverberg, Jessie Davis, Helen Greenley, Pearl Goldberg, took part. "A Cheeky Donor" was the play presented by Miss Sara Kaplan's cadets. The following participated: Ruth Fishman, Minnie Applebaum, Lily Hartman, Rosalie Cohen, Mollie Katz, Esther Lookovsky, Betty Epstein, Miss Lillian Green's cadets presented "Bluebeard" Ida Plansky, Edith Galperin, Ruth Cohen, Stella Berger, Rose Lappin, Betty Greenberg, Rose Hill, Miss Anna Isaacs cadets, Bessie Goods, Rose Lookovsky, Ruth Hershman, Jennie Kessler presented "Kibitzer Bridge Party." "The Prince and the Pauper" was presented by the Ha[illegible] under the direction of Miss Rose [illegible]. Annie Lappin, Mary Davis, Mollie Ingerman, Pillie [illegible], Mildred Mednicher, Clara Wolfgarten, Annie Beckerman. A Mary Queen of Scots was presented by Miss Bessie Silverberg's class. Sara Clare, [illegible], Mildred Goldie, Clara Lookovsky, Lily Berenstein [illegible] Silver.

Mr. Meyer Singer, chairman of the [illegible] committee and Mrs. M. [illegible] entertained the cadets on Wednesday. Mrs. Singer brought a doll [illegible] Mrs. Fallen a donation for the Sunday Woodgreen Rose. Sadie [illegible] Lookovsky served the cakes and ice cream.

Chocolate bars were received from Daisy Herman and toys from Bernard Vise. A donation was received from M. Goldberg, 171 Borden St.

Born

To Mr. and Mrs. Albert Goldman, of Detroit, nee Freda Pollock of Toronto, July 22nd, a son, Kenneth Ray.

Approaching Marriages

Mr. and Mrs. R. Klein announce the marriage of their eldest daughter Anne, to Phillip Spagel, of Guelph, on August 24th.

Bar-Mitzvahs

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Wolfe, Kingswood Road, announce the bar-mitzvah of their son, Raphael, at the Mercaul Street Synagogue, Saturday, August 9th at 10 a.m. Reception in the vestry rooms after the services. No cards.

Marriages

Lubin-Denton

The marriage of Miss Charlotte Mildred, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. [illegible] Denton, of 650 West End Ave., New York City, to Charles S. Lubin, son of Mrs. J. Lubin, of Toronto, took place Thursday, July 17th, at the Stuyvesant Casino, New York, Rev. Harry Abramson officiating. The bride who was given away by her parents wore a gown of ivory satin with a bishop neck line and demi train which trailed to the floor. The long veil of tulle fell from a cap of real Alencon lace and was caught on each side with a cluster of orange blossoms. She carried a shower bouquet of lilies of the valley and white orchids. The maid of honor, Miss Anna Denton, the bride's sister, wore a gown of chartreuse organdie with a flowered print in pink, blue and yellow. She carried a bouquet of tea roses. Mrs. Isaac Denton, mother of the bride, wore a navy blue chiffon gown with a corsage of gardenias. Mrs. Joseph Lubin, [illegible] of the groom, wore white lace with corsage of orchids. The groom was attended by his brother, Irwin J. Lubin, of Toronto. Following the bride were a red and white bridal page ensemble with hat, gloves and shoes to match. The ushers and a [illegible] were attended throughout the United States and Canada and will [illegible] Long Island.

LODGE HOLDS PICNIC

The [illegible] Lodge No. [illegible] held their fifth annual picnic at Wilson Lake Sunday, July 27th, supervised by Noble Master L. Saperia. Sam Strauss was Chairman of the Entertainment Committee; L. Rodness, Manager of Sports and Races; M. Burgess, Secretary; J. Rosen, Treasurer, other members of the Committee were I. Stupp, H. Freedman, J. Shoguley, M. Lepofsky, J. Klayman, M. Weinraub, J. Berger, L. Feinstein, J. Latulip, H. Cohen, I. Lederman, Mesdames Klayman, Rosen and Freedman. Prizes for sports were won by Misses Teresa Fineson, Betty Rodness, Celia Gordon, Ruth Klayman, Millie Wilson, N. Richmond, Jack Lepofsky, Morris Shoulder, Mesdames Kalyman, Wilson, Ida Edelstein, Ray Brown, H. Freedman, C. Burgess, Pasternak and Shekel, Messrs. J. Latulip, I. Lederman, J. Adler, Edelstein, Goldfoot, H. Freedman, L. Saperia, J. Rosen. A draw for a table lamp, donated by Edelstein Furniture Co., was won by Mr. Hershon, of 17 Oxford Street, who held the lucky number.

FRATERNAL SOFTBALL

Standing, including games of Friday, August 1st:

	W.	L.	Tie	To Play
Judeans	8	2	1	6
Bnai Brith	6	3	2	7
Foresters	6	4	2	6
Pride of Israel	4	6	3	7
Knights of Pythias	1	11	0	4

In last week's games, Bnai Brith consolidated their position with a 13 to 5 win over the Pythians, who were short of some of their regulars, while Pride of Israel, remained in the contention with a close win over Knights of Pythias, by the score of 12 to 10. In the exhibition tilt, between I.O.F. and the Bellwoods All-stars, the Fraternal team were the winners by the score of 4 to 2 in a loosely played game. Smith of the Pythians is right on top of the batting, "Woolly" Rosen besides making his usual sensational catch had four hits in four.

Next Tuesday night, Foresters meet Pride of Israel, in the late contest, and as the latter must win to have a chance for the finals, they should give the battering I.O.F. nine a hard battle. Judeans engage Bnai Brith in the other affair. On Friday night, Pride of Israel meet the Pythians, in the first game, with Judeans playing I.O.F. in what is certain, to be an outstanding contest. Manager of Pythians is Charlie Schwartz.

WANT TO JOIN?

Girls of eighteen or over, desirous of forming a club for social activities, write Ray Cyril, c/o Canadian Jewish Review, 319 Bay street.

WANTED: A BRICK WALL

Morris and Meyer were seated at a table in a restaurant in Prague. Morris nudged Meyer at the entrance of a tall American, who sat down several tables away from them.

"Do you see that stranger?" Morris whispered excitedly. "It is claimed he understands any language, but answer only in English. He looks like a fine gentleman, doesn't he, but in reality he is a [illegible] low. Yesterday I had proof of it."

"How do you know?" asked Meyer. "Do you speak English?"

"No," Morris continued to whisper, "but yesterday I went to his hotel room to make him a business proposition. I had hardly finished talking when without saying a word, he took me by the neck and firmly pushed me out of the room."

"Well?" queried Meyer, adding "what of it?"

"What of it?" exclaimed Morris angrily. "He didn't say a word I tell you! Now how am I to know what he thinks of my proposition?"

SHEA'S
SATURDAY
YORK & KING
in a
Comedy Act
FIVE BIG TIME ACTS
ALICE JOYCE
LOWELL SHERMAN
in
He Knew Women

IMPERIAL
WEEK OF AUGUST 11th
JACK OAKIE
in his
newest with sounds
"The Sap from Syracuse"
ON THE STAGE
Isle Marvenga the original Kathie
in the Student Prince
4—Other big Acts—4

LOEW'S
WEEK OF MON. AUGUST 11th
More Intimate-More Fascinating than ever
NORMA SHEARER
In
"LET US BE GAY"
with
MARIE DRESSLER
ROD LA ROCQUE—GILBERT EMERY
TRIXIE FRIGANZA (in person)
FEATURING FIVE STAGE ACTS

Uptown
Magnificently Redecorated!
RE-OPENS
Friday Aug. 8th.
And Turns on
Canada's Largest
COOLING PLANT
WILLIAM POWELL
in
"For the Defense"
with Kay Francis
Last Stage Presentation
"LINES AND SPACES"
Uptown Stage Band
Thomas Lane Conducting

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Every time and exclusively.
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THE STREET OF CHAINS

(Continued from page 8)

Carlie saw Mr. Friedenberg underlined with purple ink as he strutted into the room at the precise moment when a message from Joe Morgenstern would be least welcome to Tress. The intruder stood in the doorway, rubbing his hands and beaming with an air of complacent good will that embraced you whether you liked it or not. He was sure of himself with the swagger and smiling of one who finds welcome so uncertain that brings it with him. He spread his affability with the air of an Oriental peddler suavely unrolling his bale of rugs at your feet even while you are declining to look at his wares. When he was satisfied that he had focused everyone's attention, he addressed the gathering with mellow benignancy.

"I am here with a message for Miss Delavan I hope you get my Special Delivery, Miss Delavan."

Carlie, the letter that quivered its writer so precisely reaching in her pocket and the beginning of knowledge stirring in her heart, turned to Tress with an encouraging smile; but Tress was intent on the highball she was blending for Dicky.

"Come, Miss Delavan, shake hands with the man who has traveled all the way home from Over There to bring you a message from your sweetie. Come, Miss Delavan, don't be backward about coming forward. I'm here to tell you that you was the one girl in the world for your Jim right up to the minute he left the world."

Tress met Carlie's gaze with eyes that seemed to speak for her silent lips; they said: "You see Miss Delavan . . ."

The family appeared to withdraw, receding with one consent from Sergeant Friedenberg. The floor seemed to be an escalator carrying them up to a height where they found into a grimp denying the intruder existence and being. The outsiders were somewhat curious: Dicky and Uncle Freddy Frear stared at the fat and pompous little Sergeant with amusement amounting to interest. This, Carlie realized, was because they felt so secure in their complete detachment from him; they had no responsibility for him; they felt no solemnizing necessity to identify themselves with him, to implore to apologize for him: his presence did not betray the skeleton in their cupboard of race heritages. Carlie turned to Tress in expectancy that chilled to certainty. Tress was stricken and gray, her hands were fumbling, plucking at her hair at the upper swirl of hair at the base of her neck; her eyes gleamed inimically; they used something of Carlie . . . Carlie stared beyond Tress and saw Grampa Ezra beckoning, heard a voice reminding her that she had promised to be near when Tress damned to heaven or hell, when her dancing feet carried her to the precipice edge. Carlie nodded to Grampa. Then she stepped forward.

"I — Miss Delavan," Carlie said. "I had a letter just a little while ago I suppose was bringing bad news. . . . Naturally one is not eager to hear bad news."

It was a safe beginning. It gave Tress time to decide what to do. Tress did not look at Sergeant Friedenberg nodded and stepped Carlie's retreat with soft, moist hands. He began talking.

"I am a man of respect for you, ladies," he said at last. "You made Joe Morgenstern. You wasn't afraid to give a man a fair deal."

"He was brave," Carlie managed. "He was liked him."

"He was. Sid. And plenty." Sergeant Friedenberg was jovial, absolutely unaffected by the strangeness and embarrassment of a woman's scream and hysterics in a woman's room of such a nature might condemn. But he was the kind to appreciate love. He'd of married you if he had come back. He would have righted you in the sight of the world. And as it was he thought of you almost the same as if a minister had blessed your union."

Aunt Henny wailed. "None of our women has ever forgotten herself till now. This is too terrible."

Henriette said it wasn't fair to poor, dear Aunt Henny, and then Grace began to sob. She said no one was considering her position and wept daintily into her fine lace-edged handkerchief. Adam went to console Grace, and Carlie stood quite still with her lips curling into a thin line. She felt like Alice in Wonderland on trial before the Pack of Cards. She wanted to wave her hand and see if they could remain tumbling around her head like bits of pasteboard. Tress set down her highball glass; her fingers twined in and out of her jade beads. After a moment she found voice.

"You're all too cruel! Tress gasped. Then she went over to Carlie and took her hand. She stood looking into Carlie's eyes as if she were trying to find courage, or perhaps to give more strength to Carlie; but she did not speak again; instead she put her arm around Carlie's shoulder and drew her close, close to a frightened, fluttering heart that seemed forcing its way through the silk of Tress's dress until it was beating and hammering in Carlie's breast.

"This is my cousin, Mrs. Wilton, Sergeant Friedenberg," Carlie managed at last. "Mrs. Wilton is my closest friend. I think it would be better if we three went into another room and you delivered the rest of your message in confidence. I am sure Joe would have wanted it like that . . ."

"What I got to tell you, Miss Delavan, all the world has got to know sooner or later," Sergeant Friedenberg announced in a voice like a jingle bell. "Wearing a pair of cuff links he left to me, you are the sole heir to Joe Morgenstern's whole estate; his store and his money are for you . . ."

"Joe Morgenstern!" Henriette cried wildly. "Why, he was an old friend of my sister's. He was crazy about Tress. How did Carlie get over?"

Then Tress spoke. Carlie thrilled at the sound of her voice. Thrilled and went cold again. Tress said: "It was ages and ages ago. Before Grampa died. I didn't care for him. Carlie knew that. So I let Carlie believe that I was in love with him. Carlie knew that. But I never liked him. Carlie knew that I never liked him."

"Tress never liked Joe," Carlie echoed. But she stepped out of Tress's encircling arm. She could feel Henry's eyes on her face. She wished that he would look away; she felt that he might come at the truth if he trapped her and meeting his eyes. In the silent town of the dune and drowned memory of the grease spot in the empty car. She was suddenly very sorry for Steve; only an hour ago he had kissed her and asked her to marry him; he must be a fraternity now to Steve.

Sergeant Friedenberg's voice went on and on; she could imagine how his arms were flying about as his words rushed out; he, at least, was enjoying this very much. For a while she heard his voice roaring like a flood; then words emerged, separated themselves and brought their message to her.

"When Joe Morgenstern was starting with the fur and knew even a fur store that he was going West, he sent for me. We'd been sent to the State together with the Army of Occupation; we was buddies. I knew him a Frenchman, but not till the end came does he let on about the girl he's engaged and how he wants to right me. He has all he can do to get me know her name is Delavan and she lives at Westerham. It comes out he won't rest till I get it all written down and that is done and the money in his strong-box is here. He makes his mark and the doctor and the nurse and me we witness to it. And here is the will."

Sergeant Friedenberg extracted a crumpled piece of Manila paper from his billfold. He approached Carlie, took her hand and pressed the paper into inert fingers. All that's needed is for your folks to swear you're Miss Delavan and you get all Joe had to leave you, all but his name, and I'm here to witness he'd a gone through twice the agony he suffered to get back here and give you that too."

"Oh, poor Joe!" Carlie whispered.

Tress said nothing, so after a moment Carlie went on: "He always wanted to do the right thing. Grampa was very fond of Joe."

"Now Grampa wouldn't think very well of Joe Morgenstern now," Aunt Henny said tartly. "Not of you."

She told me there was a man, I guess she'd of told me more if I'd known how to help her any what was in her heart," Adam sighed. A breath of a sigh; a father bidding farewell to his dream that his daughter is a child, a man realizing that his little girl is a woman who has known life and love and has defied the law.

"If there isn't anything special a fellow can do for you just now, Carlie, maybe the thing to do is pop off," Steve said miserably. "But don't forget we're spending the day with the Knotts at Westchester tomorrow. I'm calling for you at eleven."

"I think I might as well see the Sergeant alone," Carlie said. "And about tomorrow . . ."

"We'll talk about tomorrow at eleven o'clock," Steve said. "Everybody thanks a lot for the day, Carlie. I've about made a fiasco of it, Mrs. Wilton, suggesting you noticed that everything was all right; it's getting deep fenied."

Steve was gone. "Now then" her all got. The whole thing was preposterous. It only remained for Carlie to try out: "Who gave the use of your Joe's building out a pack of cards . . ."

Carlie was just a name at me. But Joe Morgenstern was never anything at all to me."

"Tell us your story, Carlie," Tress answered suddenly. "There are things we must ask the Sergeant. I'm thinking for your Carlie Frost a year. He'll know what to ask. He understands business."

Carlie turned a smile encouragement at Tress who did not understand business. But he would not meet her eye. His mien was filled with furtive glances. "Nothing at all Back at Carlie."

"—wish I could to something about Jim," Tress said. "I wish there now to help you."

"I wish you could."

Carlie turned away from the table, slowly crossed and went down the long hall to her room. This was the moment, though certainly not the location, Grampa had anticipated.

CHAPTER V

It was after seven in darkness was nothing at the twilight when Tress slipped into Carlie's room. Carlie stood at the window looking out into the frantic murmurs that of the evening; he turned without speaking when Tress switched on the light. He had to turn around to meet his summoning of Tress as one. "Tress as one. Tell me, are we friends, Tress, I pretend."

"What were we doing a he dance?" Tress asked. "We weren't crying, were we, Carlie?"

"No, wasn't crying," He pretended. Tress, it shall be now, or Grampa and I dream.

Tress moved against the door. She had taken off her hat and her coat and stood with her back against the door. She made a slow frame of her white face. Her beautiful white hands twisted it and ran it the long strand of jade beads; Carlie remembered that jade was cold when it was real, so it would not warm flattering fingers.

"Well?" Tress said. "What is our next step?"

"Our next step," Carlie repeated. She turned back to the window. "There is a little moon. It is beautiful on the roads. Spring will soon be here."

"The weather report can wait," Tress's voice rasped. "You were going to say something. Wonderful. Now I am going to thank you."

"Oh, that's all right," Carlie sulked with crossing monkeying. "You gave me a chance to do something for you and that she would have preferred to forget the moon."

"Are you going to use it through?" Tress demanded.

"Oh, Grampa, only he is fine. She is your Tress."

"What do you want me to do, Carlie?"

"Now you've dashed his hope, I want you to go through with that story."

"Is it Carlie? Is that what you want to do? Are you planning to make me walk the plank. Shall I run out quick and tell the world . . ."

"Run outside," Carlie answered simply. "Not now."

"And I hoped he would be splendid. Oh Grampa isn't what we made Carlie? I was so glad . . ." Tress let her words trail away.

"I don't mean . . . could have all been in whole mess with his discovery? Did you trust me?"

"I wished you to want to."

"I did want to but . . . and so much is me . . . and something in me Carlie would never forgive me if I were going to throw away . . . You've got to give me a chance."

Carlie stood in his unique position. Of course Carlie would forgive you for anything . . . if he knew you would only . . .

"We was a terrible act a while ago when a man asked me a favor. Carlie, you, me. But I never forgive me if I ever have not very another man. Not ever."

"Doesn't a man always forgive he wrongs a friend?" Carlie asked frantically.

"Not asking a act of sin for another man." Tress picked her words with very care. "When a man loves a woman it ranks as. Nobody can save one another. Possessive. You've got a understand."

"I understand." Steve kissed me her afternoon. He was like and also as you also when he bought me strongest a another man. He did . . . can don't playing Steve.

"Well, we're to you found here talking into circles. We don't you or something." Tress demanded.

"Is there anything a do?"

"We're for ill you understand. We got a make you understand. Can't have you thinking I'm not worth keeping for but I've come to the greatest crisis a my whole life, Carlie. Don't want a here me. He was away after me. He never gave me an inch. . . . got a over or him . . . I'm if near I, he was going a he was an is sad . . . well would go him out as I le n he lens with nothing a remember to . . . can he could have me —a remember. . . . brought over me.

"We don't you blame me. Oh, Tress you loved me and wanted me. Carlie was because it have was Joe-pension."

"My name was Wilton," Tress answered. "I was married. Grampa let me — wouldn't marry me. Grampa sent me to college and I met Steve. He gave myself a me."

Suddenly Tress was defiant; she appeared to be trying to convince herself rather than Carlie. Carlie listened to her shyly, yet with a strange urge to know how it was with love. Love for Carlie was a dream, a faint distant dream of Michael Gruenturm like the little moon riding high in the March sky, like the stirring and whispering in the cold air that held a dim yet exquisite promise of spring. ... A dream, becoming imminent, pressing, demanding something of Carlie as if it said: "You beckoned to me, you claimed today that I was real; you said you had known me; you pretended that you had given yourself to a man. So I grew strong and now I claim my place in your heart."

"You're not listening!" Tress spoke, and the dream scurried away. "You're judging me without hearing my side of it."

"But there isn't any other side, Tress."

"Then don't look so horrified. Don't put all the blame on me. You stepped right up this afternoon and said you were Miss Delavan. So what was there for me to do?"

"Well, I am Miss Delavan. That finishes it, doesn't it, Tress?"

"You know it doesn't. Joe left a will."

Carlie gave her the crumpled piece of Manila paper. "Joe left you everything."

"But I can't take anything. We've got to prove he left it to you."

"But we can't cheat the law——"

"You're Miss Delavan, aren't you? At least you said so this afternoon. I can't take Morgenstern's. It would cost me Dicky. It doesn't cost you anything except a few little quibbles and evasions. Are you going back on me now when it would be twice as terrible to hear as if you'd let me stand up to it when the first shock came?"

"We settled that this afternoon." Carlie's voice did not seem to belong to her. It was stale and flat.

"We didn't settle anything. But I've thought it out since. Uncle Fred can arrange the sale of the store. I'll give you the Liberty Bonds. You can go abroad and study art. When you come back in two or three years as a famous sculptor, Aunt Henny and Henriette won't dare nag at you——"

"Why should I go abroad?"

"You've always dreamed about studying art. You used to model in bread crumbs when you had no money to buy clay. There's money now. I want you to take it. Take it all and go abroad to study sculpture. It would be terrible for you here. Aunt Henny and Henriette and your mother would make it terrible. I couldn't stand knowing what they were putting you through."

"I could stand it. Anyway, I'm not a sculptor, Tress. My fingers can't make my dreams come to life in clay. Perhaps I could be a milliner."

"But you must go abroad." Tress put her hands to her throat; she seemed to be holding back her voice, to be stemming it so it should not rise to a scream. "Henriette would worm the truth out of you if you stayed."

So that was it. Tress was afraid, so afraid that she couldn't trust anyone. ... Carlie stopped for a moment and felt her way carefully among the ideas that were thronging her mind: Steve, Mike, Granpa .... They had nothing to do with what she must say to Tress. "The crockery store is gone. Papa had to sell Hamburger and Delavan to pay off the debts. I answered an advertisement for a nursery governess yesterday. I've got to earn money, to help out till papa makes the right connections in the china business. I'm not an artist. I don't seem to have many talents. There is nothing to take me abroad. But perhaps I'm a Gruenturm. I may have a gift for business. Possibly Morgenstern's is my opportunity."

Tress ignored overtones and their implications; she laughed with joyous relief. "You cute little Puss! You would think up something like this to make me feel better. Maybe I really am doing you a good turn. .... Uncle Fred will take charge of your affairs. We can see his lawyer before Dicky and I go to Boston tomorrow—that is if you don't mind breaking your date with the stunning Captain."

"I don't mind. I don't exactly want to see Steve."

"Oh, why, Carlie, why? Does he matter so much?"

"Why should he matter?"

Tress protested suddenly; her voice that had been cold and frightened was husky and warm. "I can't bear it if I'm ruining your life. I can't cheat you out of love when you don't even know what you're giving up. It would haunt me if I didn't warn you. Maybe you'll back out when I warn you. Carlie, I'm sure Captain Harkness is planning to say goodbye tomorrow. You'll probably never see him again."

"Oh, Steve isn't like that," Carlie said with a nonchalance that didn't quite come off. "He takes things easily. He'll probably drop in at the store whenever he is in town."

"You think so? He did take things rather calmly."

"Would a man be asking a girl to spend the day with some elderly friends in Westchester if he was terribly moved?"

Tress laughed. "Of course not. Captain Harkness was really the least agitated person in the room. Not concerned at all .... I wasn't thinking about him, but about you. But of course if you're not interested, it's all right."

"I'm not interested. I'll never care for anyone but a Jew."

"You've always been hipped on that subject. ... Still you may not enjoy going back to the Ghetto. Lenox Avenue is a sort of Ghetto, Carlie."

"People make their own ghettos, Lenox or Park, don't they?" Carlie asked. "And Gruenturms get out of their chained streets."

"So I'm out of mine," Tress said dully. She sat down on the edge of Carlie's bed and began to cry. After a moment or two her sobs died to a whimper and she wiped her eyes very carefully. "Silly of me to bleat, but I'm so relieved. So then it is all settled. And you'll never let out a syllable about Morgenstern's. You'll take the place off my hands and go through with it. I can count on you, Carlie?"

"You can count on me."

Carlie spoke indifferently. She did not go to Tress and put comforting arms around her. Oddly enough, Tress did not matter now. Carlie was wondering if Granpa would be satisfied with the way she was writing her part of the Saga. .... She was trying to imagine how Michael Gruenturm would have acted if he had been there today when Joe Morgenstern came out of his grave to brand his sweetheart. .... Michael Gruenturm would have shown some signs of human understanding; he would never have run away with a cavalier; "So long, Carlie; see you tomorrow."

BOOK IV: THE CHAINS

"Doth the crown endure to every generation?"

CHAPTER I

Tress went to Boston with Dicky Wilton; Carlie went to Lenox Avenue with the ghost of Joe Morgenstern.

Henriette said she had never thought it of Carlie; her tone indicated that she had thought it and more. Aunt Henny said that Adam didn't know how to make a living any better than Grace knew how to bring up a daughter, so perhaps it was fortunate that Carlie had inherited a little business of her own; she might go up to Morgenstern's within a week or so and see if there were any hats she could use, and it would be nice to send Carlie a few customers, for Adam and Grace would be on Freddy's hands again if Carlie's store didn't support them.

"But, darling, you must not go near the place!" Henriette protested. "What would the ladies of the Guild and the Monthly Musicale think if they discovered our connection with Morgenstern's? I simply can't let you sacrifice yourself for a girl who is no better than she should be and certainly hasn't a claim on you."

"What makes you think you're the only one of Henny's nieces who has a claim on her?" Fred demanded. "You get all the prizes Henny distributes; can't you let Carlie have the benefit of a kind thought? If your Aunt has a halfway decent impulse toward the poor youngster, why don't you encourage it?"

"You've always hated me!" Henriette whimpered. "I think you begrudge poor darling Aunt Henny the one sincere love in her life."

Fred broke in curtly. "That's right, Henriette, sling your mud and air your spite. Let's all try to get our hates out of our systems before the family feast tomorrow night, so we'll be empty of rancor and won't pour it out on Carlie's head——"

"You don't want to tell me you expect Aunt Henny to invite Carlie to her house?" Henriette gasped. "You wouldn't have that little trollop here? I can't believe that even you would ask that of my poor Aunt Henny."

No one asked anything of Henny, but after Tress had gone to Boston, Fred offered Carlie ten thousand dollars for the lease and fixtures and stock and "good will" of Morgenstern's. Carlie said that was absurd as Morgenstern's wasn't worth so much money and Uncle Freddy knew it. Her tone did not invite further comment, but Fred had other suggestions to make: he'd auction off the millinery stock and start one of his own shops in the place as it was a darn good location for shoes; and if Carlie didn't want to take her ten thousand and go abroad to study art, how would she like to be the little lady manager of Frear's latest shoe shop? That would sure be a novelty. Carlie said it would be much too novel for her and she preferred to manage her own hat shop. Her tone snubbed Fred; she had always tried to evade the generosity for which the rest of the family schemed; she had never troubled to hide the fact that he was the last person in the world she would have chosen as an uncle; she now indicated that she did not consider an uncle-by-marriage very closely related to her and her affairs.

But Fred was the only member of the family group who did not believe that Carlie needed chastening and his aid in the process. Henny was shocked, Irving suspicious, and Henriette accusing; under the combined weight of these opinions and their own indignation Grace whined and Adam drooped. Carlie felt vaguely that she was lucky to be away from home most of the time. She was now the one to use the flat as a mere point of departure for the store, to which she went at seven each morning and which she did not leave until ten at night. The Lenox Avenue hat shop had gone somewhat to seed during its owner's absence and would require close and concentrated attention if it was to yield enough revenue to make possible the continuation of the Amsterdam Avenue apartment.

Morgenstern's did not accept Miss Delavan with whole-hearted enthusiasm. Lottie Kraus of the stockroom and Muriel Deutch, the model, resigned during the first week of the new régime. Lottie said she'd like some one to tell her what Joe had seen in that little blue-eyed nobody who knew as much about the millinery game as she knew about planting potatoes. Muriel remarked that Delavan knew plenty about gold-digging and maybe she thought she could go along on that without being punished for taking a business away from decent girls that had always put their hearts and souls into making it go. Miss Rabinoff, the saleswoman, and Miss Engel, the bookkeeper, sighed and wondered if it wouldn't be silly to make a change until they saw if the old salaries were to be continued; Joe had always paid well and it seemed rather ungrateful to leave his store in the lurch. They made it evident that they still considered it Joe's store and, to a degree, their own, and they discussed business with Miss Delavan with an air of righteous condescension and with their noses in the air in a manner somewhat at variance from Nature's plan for them. Dora Minsky, the millinery designer, sat in her workroom creating hats that looked dejected and uninspired; she was very silent and was constantly using a handkerchief with an unobtrusive black border. Her eyes were always following Carlie and were always asking a question which, from the beginning, Carlie knew would never be put into words.

The eyes of Lenox Avenue were focused on Carlie and the women of the neighborhood strolled in and out of the shop to try on hats at which they hardly looked and which they seldom bought. Carlie's days were made up of hooded glances. Hostile, scornful glances. Morgenstern's had brought her back to her own people and had made her an alien among them.

The only person who seemed able to accept her without question or reproach was Stephen Harkness. He called for her every Friday night and took her out to dinner, and he had a way of planning Sunday excursions as if he were determined to keep her disentangled from the family during the hours when she was deprived of the store as a refuge. Morgenstern's closed at seven on Fridays, since Lenox Avenue went to *Schule* and did not resume its interest in hats until after the Saturday morning services. Carlie did not go to the synagogue; she had never gone since Granpa's death; she found the religious ceremonial of her people dull and uninspiring, but she clung to the tradition of being a Jewess even while repudiating the traditions of Judaism.

For two months Steve discussed nothing more portentous with Carlie than cabbages and kings and their equivalents. Then quite suddenly one evening over the antipasto of their eighty-five-cent Italian table d'hôte, he said:

"So this was what you meant that day when you told me there was another man. Do you still think of him, Carlie?"

"I'm thinking of my job," she said honestly, and glad that there were truths she could offer Steve from out of the bog of lies through which she had to tread so discreetly.

"I zoomed off when you said there was another man. But I can't seem to get the feeling that he's real. You're so—aloof from all you've experienced, Carlie. You're as shut in as a little rosebud."

"He means virginal and daren't say it," she thought angrily. So since she also was unable to say it, she spoke curtly: "If I am 'as shut in as a rosebud,' that's how I feel. Don't you think—certain experiences might make a girl resent emotion?"

She hated even the implication of her words but forget that to enjoy his discomfort as he said ruefully: "But it doesn't seem normal for a girl who is practically a war-widow to be so serene and untouched. I mean, Carlie, you seem such a child, so terribly pure and innocent that a man would feel like a brute if he tried to make love to you as if you were a grown woman."

(Concluded next week)